BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY
1944

S. P. B. MAIS
NEGLEY FARSON

J. W. DRAWBELL
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Built to the Daimler tradition, the Daimler Armoured Scout Car is designed for men who deserve the best that engineering skill can produce.

Daimler goes to war

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 29, No. 1 JULY, 1944

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

THE NATION'S 'Family' CEREAL

● Before "zoning" restricted distribution to certain areas, Welgar Shredded Wheat enjoyed nationwide favour. Soon we hope, families everywhere will again be able to benefit from the appetising flavour, the wholesome nourishment and lasting sustenance of

WELGAR
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
SHREDDED WHEAT

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd.
WELwyn GARden City, Hertfordshire.

CHIVERS JAMS
still the best

The experience of over 70 years as FRUIT GROWERS as well as fruit preservers ensures that even in wartime CHIVERS JAMS are the best that money can buy. Take your full jam ration this month and make plenty of lovely jam puddings. For a start cut out this easy-to-make recipe and serve it at lunch tomorrow—no sugar is required.

JAM SOUFFLETTE

Soak about 10 ozs. bread in water (or milk). Strain and beat soaked bread with a fork. Place layer in greased casserole or pie dish, upon which spread warmed plum jam. Add another layer of bread, then layer of jam, and so on, and finish with a top layer of bread cut into fingers and soaked in water (or milk). Cook in moderate oven for 30 mins. Decorate top with jam and serve hot. Enough for five portions.

CHIVERS & SONS LTD
The Orchard Factory
HISTON · CAMBRIDGE
J.388

Gay Deceiver

Nobody knows that she has one pair of shoes for two kinds of occasions. But Moccasin Shoes are cleverly styled to be worn with either morning or afternoon clothes. Every pair of Moccasin Shoes thus does double duty. And is fashioned from good leather, with careful craftsmanship, to stand the extra wear of this coupon-saving notion. Supplies are limited—unfortunately—but it's worth searching for Moccasin to get this extra service!

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Two purpose Shoes

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PADMORE & BARNES LTD., NORTHAMPTON

Horrockses

Regd.

the Greatest Name in Cotton

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES
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No other method is so simple or so sure. Simply soak the washed clothes overnight in the Parozone solution—a teacupful of Parozone to eight gallons of *Cold* water—rinse and wring out in the morning, and they are ready to dry, snow white and fresh as the day they were bought.

AND PAROZONE IS USEFUL INDOORS AS WELL

For china, crystal and glass, plain white wood-work, enamelware—for sterilising and freshening the sink, the hand basin, drains and lavatory trap.

PAROZONE REGD.

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us, please—we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

FOR MUSTARD GAS

Parozone should be applied, full strength, to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately, or within five minutes. Parozone must not be applied near the eyes.

Head Office, Glasgow.
Also at
London and Nottingham.

Take it from me-

Phillips

Rubber Soles and Heels are worth waiting for!

PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST

Said MR. PEEK to MR. FREAN
"Just get this in your dear old bean!"

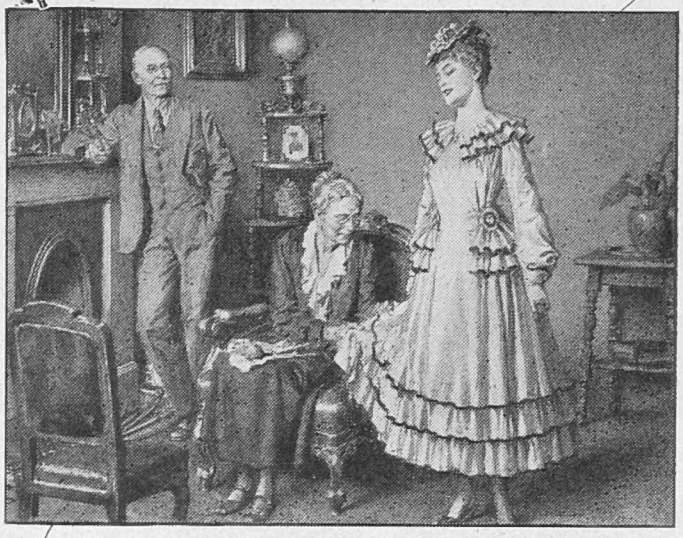
Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK
"My geography was always weak!"

Mr. Frean can hardly believe that he's been temporarily banished from the North. But as Mr. Peek says, it's all for the best, as this zoning scheme saves transport and helps to win the war. There are limited supplies of Vita-Weat in the South of England and Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean hope that you will get some from time to time to help keep you fit and cheerful.

Vita-Weat REGD.
PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD

Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd., makers of famous biscuits

Threads from the loom of time



RAYON GAINS PUBLIC ACCEPTANCE

THE eventful years which centred about the last war served to span the gap between an "artificial silk" which was the first description applied to rayon, and public acceptance of it as a new fabric.

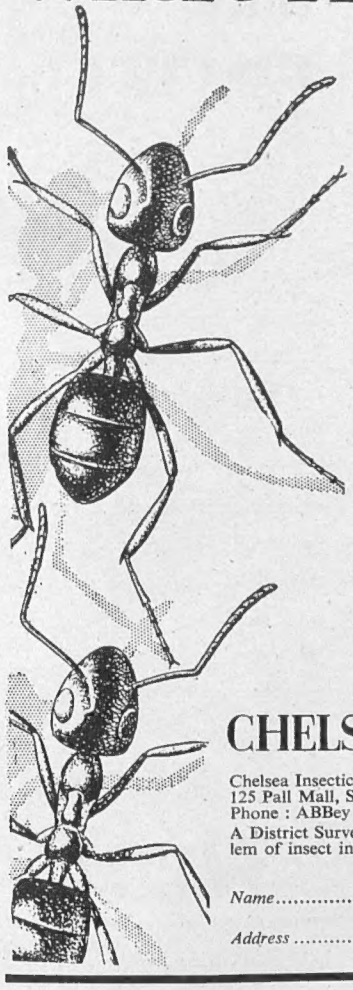
Thus began a new age in which the use of delicate and lovely rayon materials became part and parcel of the daily life of millons. To-day there are few people too poor to enjoy the comfort and beauty of the delightful rayon materials which owe their development to the sustained efforts of Courtaulds.

Admittedly, Courtaulds rayon is scarce just now, but every effort is made to secure a fair distribution of supplies and when victory is won there will be an abundance of even finer fabrics in still greater variety. The name of Courtaulds will also be associated with new developments and products which will improve the standards of life when the world is at peace again.

COURTAULDS—the greatest name in RAYON

TESTED QUALITY

Where Ants enter



Ants invading property become a serious nuisance—they contaminate and destroy food stocks.

The nation-wide Pest-Control Service operated by Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd., has made a special study of ants, beetles, cockroaches and steam flies; and their operators not only quickly establish control over them, but keep premises entrusted to their care under observation at regular intervals to guard against re-infestation.

Proprietors of hotels, restaurants, licensed premises, canteens, and bakeries, superintendents of hospitals, schools, hostels, and institutions, in fact, all responsible for premises where food is prepared or stored can have those premises brought under control without inconvenience to themselves by the Chelsea Insecticides Services.

SERVICE ONLY

NO PREPARATIONS FOR SALE

CHELSEA INSECTICIDES *Service*

Chelsea Insecticides Ltd.
125 Pall Mall, S.W.1
Phone : ABBey 7650

A District Surveyor will call on request to advise on any problem of insect infestation. Sign and post Coupon now.

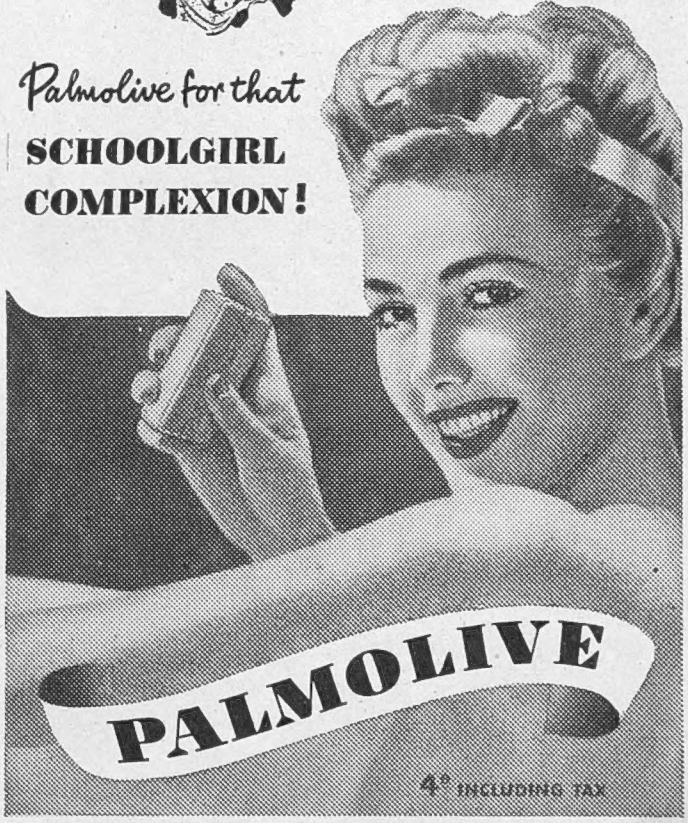
Name.....

Address.....

B.E.

"Roses for remembrance..."

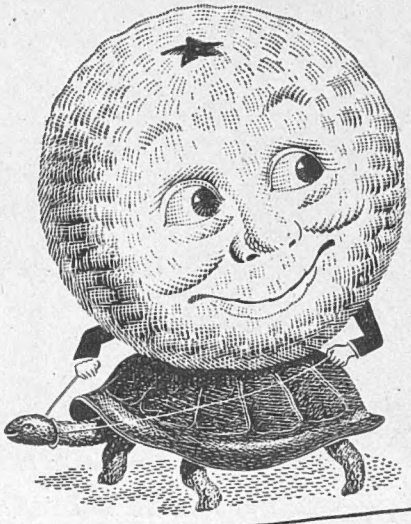
Palmolive for that
SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION!



PALMOLIVE

4° INCLUDING TAX

IT MAY BE SOME TIME BEFORE WE RETURN..



IN THE MEANTIME . . . DON'T FORGET

IDRIS

QUALITY SOFT DRINKS

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

BY APPOINTMENT

"How can I beat underarm perspiring?"

"Under Arms, my dear —use Milton rinse!"

Recipe for Milton rinse—1 teaspoonful of 'Milton' in a glass of water. After washing, rinse underarms carefully. All odour will vanish. 'Milton' is a great friend to women—read the leaflet round the bottle. 'Milton' costs 8d. & 1/11½d.

Milton

THE HYPOCHLORITE ANTISEPTIC

**Write for booklet 'Married Wisdom,' enclosing 1d. stamp, to Milton Antiseptic Ltd., Dept. 12, John Milton House, London, N.7.*

Kayser Underwear fits because it's tailored

KAYSER-BONDOR

. . . . and all Kayser-Bondor stockings are full-fashioned

JOAN BULL takes the BISCUIT!

— and needs it too. Weston biscuits help her to carry on her countless jobs, whether in the Services or on the land, in factories, in hospitals, or keeping the home going.

They are concentrated energy-food, and the finest ingredients obtainable—wheat, sugar and fats—are used by Weston, the largest makers of biscuits in the Empire.

Weston

Fashion-Knit with Copley's Knitting Wools

This Lady's Jumper Coat is knitted in Copley's 3-Ply "EXCELSIOR" wool.

Ask for this leaflet at your usual wool shop.

LEAFLET NO. 1499 LADY'S JUMPER COAT With long or short sleeves Price 4d.

L. COPLEY-SMITH & SONS, LTD., MANCHESTER and LONDON

How can skin be clear and eyes sparkling if toxins clog the blood? Beauty's rule is—
—every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

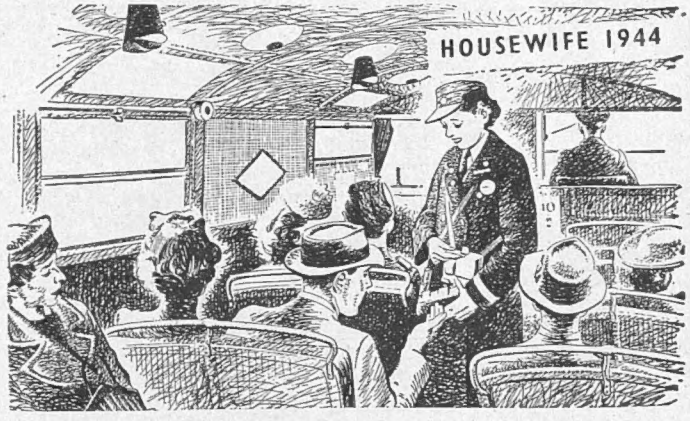
GAS

has a plan for better living

Step-saving kitchens . . . eye-level cookers . . . refrigerators . . . hot water always on tap . . . automatic oven cookery . . . healthy warmth without smoke or chimney sweeping. Housewives will find these and other ideas for better living in the houses planned by the gas industry for the day of victory.

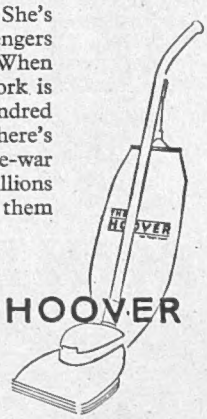
Meanwhile-Save GAS

BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION, LONDON, S.W.1. (25)



The Hand that held the Hoover takes the Fares!

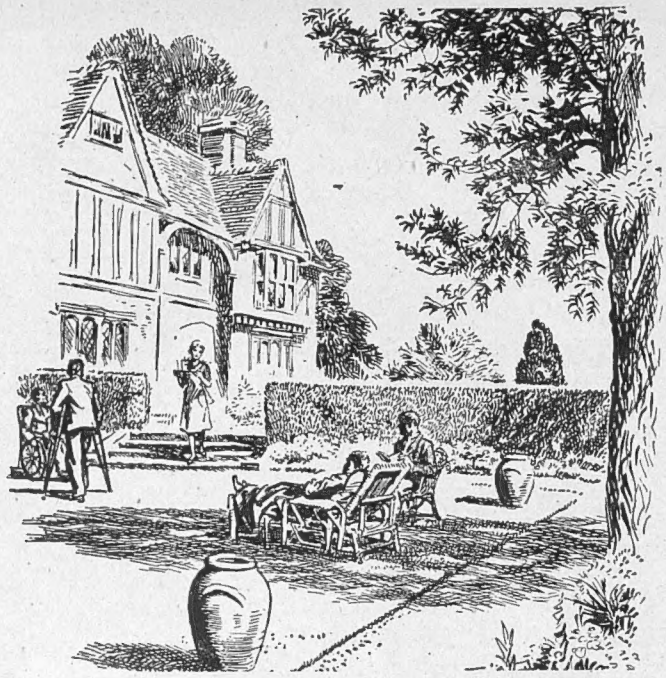
She's out in all weathers and all hours. She's always got to be smiling and polite to her passengers though she's on her feet for hours on end. When she's finished her spell of duty, her day's work is not over, she has a house to run with all the hundred and one jobs a housewife can't neglect. There's shopping, cooking and cleaning. Her pre-war Hoover comes in useful there. There are millions like her doing a 'double job' in this war. To them all we say—



Salute! FROM HOOVER

Hoover users know best what improvements they would like in the post-war Hoover. Suggestions are welcome.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI AND H.M. QUEEN MARY HOOVER LIMITED, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX



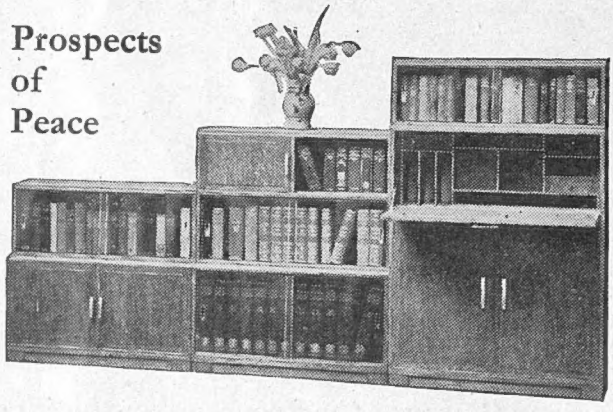
When you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks also go to hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Prospects of Peace



AFTER more than four years of strenuous effort we realise the true value of many things we took as a matter of course in the days before the war. The restful ease of a Minty Chair, for instance, and the pleasure to be obtained from a well filled Minty Bookcase are treasures that we appreciate to-day more than ever.

Prospects are brighter, and we may look forward with confidence to the time when we can make good the gaps now cheerfully borne for Victory. Furnishing plans for the future will inevitably include Minty—for comfort, appearance and value.

MINTY CRAFTSMANSHIP

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES, CHAIRS, ETC.

Minty will make more bookcases and chairs, etc., as soon as they can be sure of obtaining materials of quality sufficient to maintain their traditional standard of excellence.

MINTY LTD., 44/45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD

Clean your carpets this new easy way...

Octim, the scientific liquid cleaner, makes a really professional job of carpet cleaning.

To remove ink or grease spots; dab with solution of 1 teaspoon Octim to 8 teaspoons hot water. Leave 5 mins.; gently rub with clean hot water.

For the rest of carpet: **1.** Dip brush in solution of 1 part Octim to 16 parts water. Brush one yard-square patch in one direction against the pile. **2.** Wring out clean cloth in clean hot water and go over square. **3.** Proceed thus in sections. Octim is harmless to standard dyes.

Directions for easier cleaning of literally a hundred-and-one things, from floors to woollies, sent post free on receipt of a 1d. stamp (to comply with the Paper Control Order). Please send for booklet 'A Hundred-and-one OCTIMisms,' to Dept. OP 23, address below

OCTIM REGD.

THE SEARCHING CLEANER

PRICE 1/10½ Household size

Simmonds Products Ltd., *A Company of the Simmonds Group*, Gt. West Rd., London

What is wrong with this picture?

There are FIVE errors here. Have you spotted them? (1) The lighthouse lantern is shining in daylight. (2) The smoke of those ships is blowing in opposite directions. (3) There's a spelling mistake on the poster. (4) A fisherman doesn't knit nets. (5) The fisherman's grand-daughter couldn't possibly have Caley FORTUNE Chocolates. They can't be made now—not until the Caley Factory has been rebuilt. Meanwhile Norwich Chocolate is available.

* *By the way, Norwich Chocolate blocks are being made for us until we've a factory of our own again. Our thanks then to good friends in the Trade for coming to our aid.*

CALEY

CHOCOLATE

UTILITY

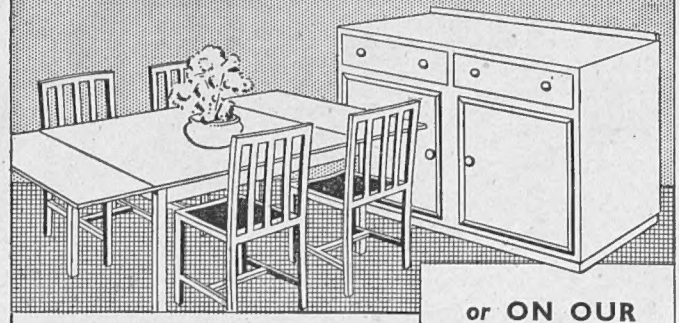


TABLE with extending leaves £5.15.3

DINING ROOM CHAIRS each £1.9.0

SIDEBOARD 4' x 2' 9" £10.7.0

or ON OUR **EASY TERMS**

Get it at . . .

The Times FURNISHING CO.

235-238 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1

BRANCHES ALL OVER ENGLAND

UTILITY NOW—PLANNED HOMES LATER

Welcome ever smiles

on things to come

Schweppes

My answer to ASTHMA

If every sufferer from Asthma knew the answer what a lot of distress and agony would be avoided!

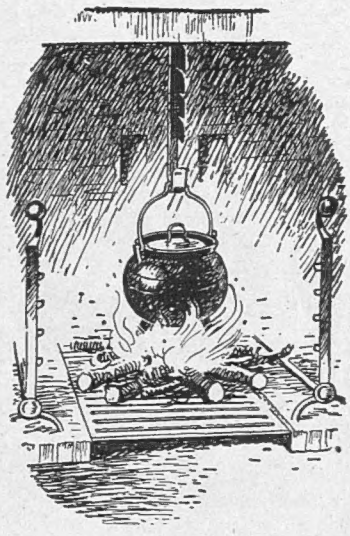
For instant relief in Asthma nothing approaches POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE. Easy and pleasant to use—free from opiates, cannot harm the heart. The tried and trusted remedy of three generations. Marvellous in Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Catarrh. Thousands have taken it successfully on the advice of their doctors.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

All Chemists, Herbalists and Stores 2/2 (inc. pur. tax).

A.C.12

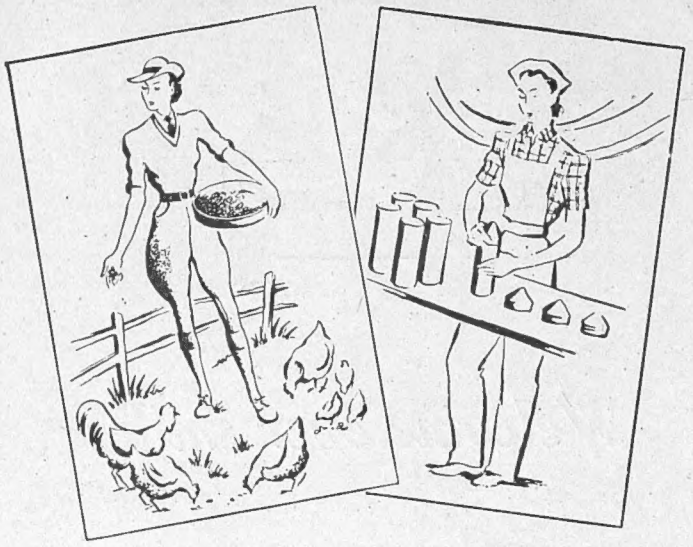
POTTER & CLARKE LTD., 60/62 Artillery Lane, London, E.1



OUR forefathers enjoyed simple fare in the days when the Crock was used for cooking stews. But much was denied them. For there were no enamel pans, glass saucepans, regulated ovens in those days—and no BISTO which, to-day, helps out our meat ration with its thick, brown gravy, and gives that delicious richness to all stews.

ah! **BISTO**

FOR SOUPS OR STEWS



FOR wartime work and wartime pleasure; for peacetime tasks and peacetime joys—Anne French Cleansing Milk answers your need. For looking your loveliest for his *leave; for looking your best at work and rest time, you need Anne French Cleansing Milk. It not only deep cleanses the pores, getting rid of blackheads and other skin blemishes; but it soothes and protects your skin as well. For now and after the War, Anne French Cleansing Milk is more than a toilet luxury; it is a daily necessity.*

CLEANSING MILK BY

Anne French

OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

A sample of Liberty town models

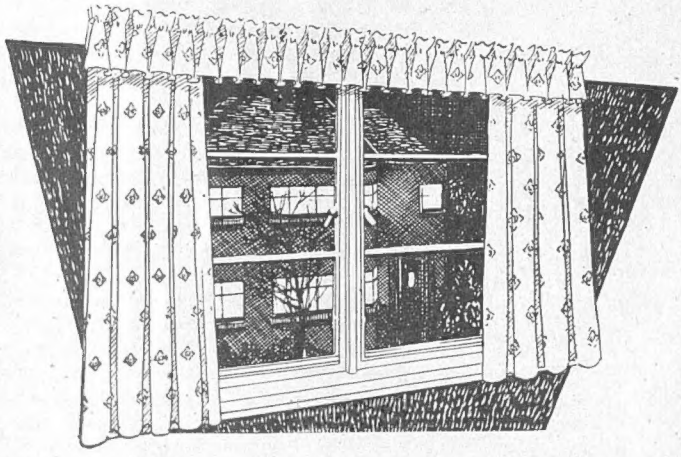
Liberty helps to save transport

You can save the shorter station-to-station journeys if you Walk with Liberty. You enjoy the walking because Liberty Shoes make it enjoyable—and easy. Ask to see the latest Liberty models. You will be as pleased with their correct exclusiveness as with the liberty they give to your feet.

Liberty Shoes Ltd.
LEICESTER

B.E.4

★ A FRENCH'S PRODUCT



Pity to spoil that new curtain material with poor finishings. Especially now that curtain fabrics are so hard to get. "Rufflette" Curtain Tape is not too hard to get and it will make all the difference to the appearance of your curtains.

★ 'Rufflette' BRAND
CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets)
also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

Thomas French & SONS LTD. *Factories:* MANCHESTER and WYTHENSHAWE
FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A. *London Office:* 156 OXFORD ST., W.1 *Also* BRIT. EMP. BLDGS., N.Y.C.

You remember? It was the colours that caught your eye. And the quality of the fabric that made you buy. Now you know another thing about your VANTONA Bedcovers, and about all VANTONA textiles. They're wonderful for wear, and never fade. Some day soon, we hope, your delighted gaze will see in peacetime shop windows, new VANTONA Bedcovers. Lovelier even than those you have and guaranteed in wash and wear by the same VANTONA name tab.

VANTONA "Court" Bedcovers, VANTONA "Blansheets," VANTONA "Morning Joy" Towels and VANTONA Down Quilts, etc.

VANTONA *household* TEXTILES

The VANTONA Household Advice Bureau is still at your service. It is daily answering many questions from houseproud readers.

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD. PORTLAND STREET. MANCHESTER

Britannia & Eve JULY 1944

She was just standing very still, perfectly in command of herself, insolently arrogant as ever, as she casually put the pen down after perjuring herself in the register and waited for me to take the key

"131"

The Fateful Number Which Dogged a Man's Life

By

S. P. B. Mais

IT wasn't until the reception clerk handed me the key of our room and said nonchalantly " 131 " that the idea came into my mind.

Like most great ideas, it was simple, neat, and as sudden and obvious as a flash of lightning.

Up to that moment I had been saying to myself over and over, " She 's come back. I can't believe it. She 's come back. I can't believe it."

All the afternoon I had been pacing up and down the dreary lounge in moods of alternate depression and exhilaration. Knowing her instability I couldn't believe that she would keep her word.

She never did keep her word unless it exactly suited her whim.

My nerves were still all to bits even after all this time. Obvious, too, I should say; as obvious as the scars on my burnt-up face.

I stole a quick glance at her to see if she could possibly have guessed what was in my mind.

No. She was just standing very still, perfectly in command of herself, isolently arrogant as ever, as she casually put the pen down after perjuring herself in the register and waited for me to take the key.

I thought I detected a very faint curve of a smile on her lips, the smile of the Mona Lisa, no more than that, no less.

" O thou weed," the words came flashing back to me, " who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

" That the sense aches at thee—would thou hadst ne'er been born."

My sense ached at her so much that I couldn't stop trembling. I felt suddenly shy of her.

" Cover her face. Mine eyes dazzle. She died young."

I shuddered. I hadn't thought of it like that. I wanted so much to look into the depths of those false eyes, to smell again the fragrance of that raven hair.

" You 've got the key. What are we waiting for? I 'm tired. I 'm thirsty. Tell them to send up some drinks."

Even when she talked like that every nerve in me tingled. The low, rich sweetness of her voice meant nothing.

It was like those raven black curls that fell over her shoulders, like that small sensuous mouth and straight small nose, just one of Nature's accidents implying nothing beyond the fact that she was divinely fair. So was Cleopatra, so was Helen, so was Cressida, especially Cressida.

In a dream I ordered the drinks. We went upstairs. The idea was beginning to take shape.

" 131 " I read over the door, as if I needed the reminder. I shut the door very softly and turned to Melissa. I was trembling more than ever. I just couldn't control myself. Perhaps if I hadn't been so shy. . . .

" Don't paw me about, Conrad. Can't you see I 've just had my hair done? I hope you like it this way. I did it entirely for you. You used to say how much you liked it loose and long. Gives the curls a chance. How 's Fenella? Still faithful? You look sort of lost, Conrad. Aren't you glad I 've come back? A little ashamed of deceiving the broken-hearted wife a second time? "

She began pulling her frock over her head.

She stood in front of the fire, her long, shapely legs even lovelier than ever. I couldn't believe that limbs could be so seductive.

" See if you can find a hanger for this. There 's never any hanging space or cupboards anywhere these days. Don't kiss me. I must get clean and change. Turn the bath on for me; I 've got a divine new evening frock. Plain white organdi. Very severe. Very chaste. Frightfully expensive, but you are making a lot of money, darling, aren't you? Everybody's talking about the way you handled that Cavanagh case. He was called Cavanagh, wasn't he? He ought to be grateful to you. Everybody said he was safe to hang. I knew he wouldn't with you to defend him.

" You like these stockings? Feel! Black market, of course, but what a bit of luck getting them at all. And, anyway, I only got them for you. You always said that no stocking yet invented was as smooth as my legs.

" How 's the bath, hot enough?

" You know it 's quite exciting being back with you again, Conrad. I get quite a kick out of knowing you now that you 're so famous."

How to do it. That was the problem running through my mind as she prattled on. Men don't poison. Queer, isn't it? In all my experience I 've never met a man poisoner. I don't count Vaquier. I don't believe he did it. He was wrongly hanged. I was in the court at the time. I ought to know.

Guildford it was. The judge—he 'd hang anybody. I 've forgotten his name.

Smothering, that was Othello's plan. It worked all right. Shall I defend myself as neatly ?

" I have done the State some service and they know it."

They 've only got to look at my hideous face. Honourable wounds.

Well—if I hadn't been thinking about Melissa I shouldn't have crashed.

I was good-looking before that. Fenella said I was the best-looking man she 'd ever seen.

Like Lucy Porter's comment on Dr. Johnson, " this is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life."

Men like their wives to admire them. The trouble is that Fenella did more than admire me. She worshipped. She didn't care two hoots about my making a packet or becoming famous. She only wanted me to be happy, to enjoy life with her.

" He never found time to live—that 'll be your epitaph," she used to say. " Relax. Let 's have a bit of fun."

At the back of it all I believe she was a bit jealous of my work. I like the law. I like work. Before I married Fenella I was ambitious. I saw myself as Master of the Rolls, Lord Chief Justice, Lord Chancellor, a second F.E. Then Fenella made me see that life wasn't like that. We had fun together, lots of fun, Fenella and I.

Then Melissa came along. One nod of her insolent head and I was back again in the racket, fighting. She wanted me to make money.

I 'll hand it to her for that. She does know the world. The Fenellas will always lose and break their hearts. The Melissas will always win. They have no hearts to break. But, thank God, they have breath to stop. Smothering, yes — smothering 's the thing.

" You 're taking a long time turning on the bath, Conrad. I 've got a bottle of those luscious bath salts, ' Quelques Fleurs,' you remember ; you used to say——"

Used to say. I used to say a lot of things.

I used to say " I love you, Fenella." I wonder if she 's fretting about where I am to-night. I don't think so. I don't think she 's got much left to fret with. The trouble is that I do still love you, Fenella. The feeling that I 've got for Melissa was never love. Call it witchcraft. As a Cornishman I believe in witchcraft.

" La Belle Dame Sans Merci ! " That 's Melissa.

I 'm not a lawyer for nothing. My eyes are open even when my senses are drunk.

> " She found me roots of relish sweet,
> And honey wild and manna dew,
> And sure in language strange she said :
> ' I love thee true.' "

" I love thee true." Poor Keats. Poor me !

We both saw straight. He with his Fanny Brawne, I with Melissa. Neither of us could do anything about it.

A poison in the blood. That 's Melissa.

Nods her insolent head and I break Fenella's heart (hearts still break in spite of what Shakespeare and the scientists say ; I know or, rather, Fenella knows), desert my children and smash my own life into bits, and all for what ?

I adore children. I cannot think of a number too great (I 've got the money—so what 's the limit ?) Fenella adored children.

Melissa—well, listen to Melissa.

" Don't be a fool, Conrad. If you wanted children why did you leave Fenella ? She 's a heifer, a sow, a bitch, a doe, I 'm none of those things."

I often used to wonder in the old days why she didn't leave me sooner. I knew, of course, that she hadn't a bean, and being extravagant must have someone like me to pay the bills.

I loathed the feeling that I was loving a bought woman, so I settled a couple of thousand a year on her to make her feel free.

As I spent quite twice that sum in settling her other bills, that gesture was wasted.

She goaded me on to work, to earn more and more. Not that I needed much goading when I discovered her emptiness.

Work was the only antidote to my craving for her.

" Don't paw me about," she used to say when I came back from the Courts after a stifling day and paused to touch her hair as I passed on my way to dress.

If I was wise I kept quiet. Often I was tired and unwise.

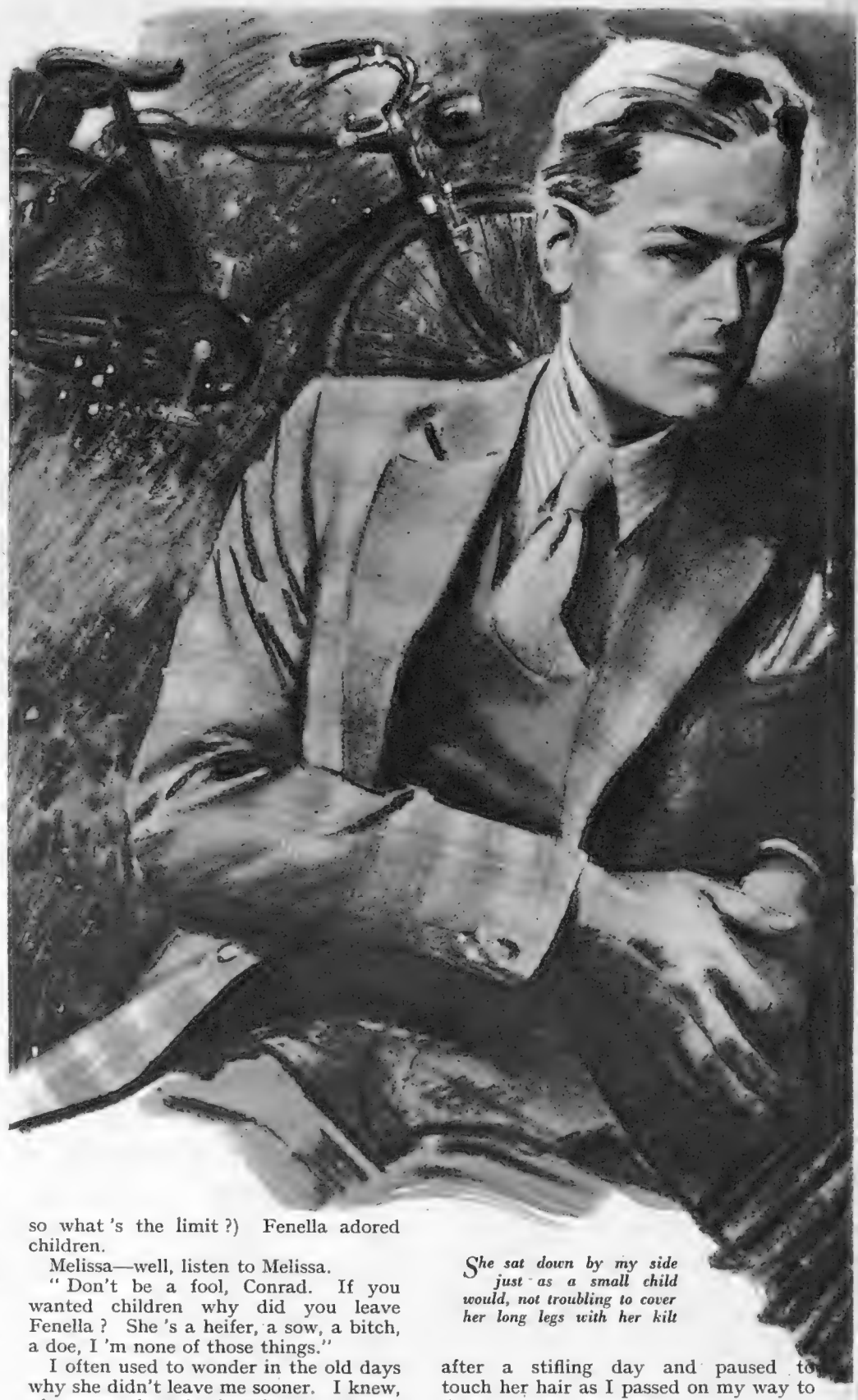
" There was a time," I would say, " when you looked forward to my stroking your hair."

" Don't be a fool, Conrad," she 'd say. " There 's a time and place for everything. You always choose the wrong ones. I 've just had my hair set. Can't you see ? No ? You wouldn't. You never see. That 's how men lose women."

Always that hidden threat.

I wanted her so desperately that these threats stabbed me like knives.

There was nothing except my money by which I could hold her.



She sat down by my side just as a small child would, not troubling to cover her long legs with her kilt

Illustrations By Albert Bailey

And when young Alistair Conway came along, handsome (I was no longer that), wealthy without having to work for it, as successful with women as he was with horses, and offered (what he had offered no other woman) Melissa legitimate right to queen it in his Northumbrian castle, she left me without even bothering to leave a note on the dressing-table.

I went to their wedding, sat at the back of the church, and saw nothing and heard nothing, because I had seen the number of the psalm on the board. It had been left there from the previous Sunday evensong. It was the 27th day and the psalm was 131.

With trembling hands I turned it up in the Prayer Book.

"Lord, I am not high-minded: I have no proud looks."

Proud looks? I should say not. All the proud looks were Melissa's.

I looked up at the tall, straight back of that exquisitely fair body, at the poise of that insolent proud head.

Had she seen, I wondered, that number on the notice-board? If so, would she connect?

My mind ran back as the high piping treble of the soloist rang out:

"The voice that breathed o'er Eden,"

to the day when I first saw Melissa.

It was on one of those God-given days in early spring when all the warm air was filled with the singing of birds, and the almond-blossom a mass of pink buds with a sea of blue sky behind, seemed impossibly lovely.

I had a lot of work to do, but was pining to get out when Fenella came into the study. She sensed my need, as she always did, without my saying anything, put her hand over my eyes, kissed me, and said: "What you want, darling, is to get out in the sun. Leave your silly old work. You'll be all the better for a breather."

I was never one for resisting temptation.

I rose from my desk rather too quickly.

" I 'll get the bikes out," I said.

" No, darling," she shook her head. " I 'm a chapter or two behind with the typing. It isn't so necessary for me to get out as you. Besides, I 've got to stay in to look after Helena's tea when she comes back from school. You go."

" But I never go out without you," I remonstrated.

" I know. Isn't it ludicrous of us after all these years ? It 'll do you good to be alone—you never know. You may see some divine charmer to make you forget me altogether and never come back. Promise you won't do that."

" Well, if I 'm not back to tea," I said lightly, " it 'll mean that I 've found my Cleopatra."

She came to see me off at the gate, and as I kissed her good-bye the odious little tramp in the dirty grey mackintosh that trailed along the ground behind him as untidily as his unkempt, dirty grey hair trailed over his coat collar, sidled past.

I shuddered.

" I can just bear him in the wind and rain," I said, " but he ought to keep out of the way when the sun shines. He 's a bird of ill-omen."

" Well, don't get run over. I 'd rather you stayed out to tea than that," said Fenella. " Good-bye, Sweet."

She stood at the gate and waved to me as she always did, till I was out of sight.

I pedalled away, singing first quietly to myself, then, as I got into the country, lustily.

It was a day in a million. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. The temperature was at summer-heat. The hedges were a blaze of primroses and violets. A perfect English spring day.

After a few miles of the main road I turned down a sandy, high-banked lane towards the river, and then cycled along the uneven green track of the tow-path past a tiny, deserted lock, where I saw the electric-blue of two kingfishers courting on the single bough of an overhanging tree.

I had the whole world to myself and the birds. I listened in a dazed ecstasy to the music that filled the air.

" Lovely, but how dumb. Isn't it true that kingfishers are the only birds that mate for life ? "

I looked up for the first time into those liquid olive-green eyes.

" I don't know about ' only.' "

" That 's why they can't sing. All great artists are great lovers."

" Meaning that you can't be a great lover and be faithful."

" A great author isn't content with one book."

Her lips were curved into the loveliest of smiles.

" An author's books are his children, not his mistresses."

" So you 're an author."

" And you 're a bird-lover."

She smiled again : " Aren't we all ? "

" Very few of your sex."

I was talking quite frankly, feeling giddy and appallingly shy. I snatched furtive glimpses of her ; first her long slender legs, her straight back, her trimness of line, her shining, black curls falling loose over her shoulders, her sensitive long fingers, innocent, I was glad to see, of any hideous nail paint ; innocent also, I noticed, of any rings.

She was wearing a dark-green kilt and a neat plain green pull-over of the same shade, tight enough to make the contours of her breasts noticeable.

" I must be an exception," she said in that low, sweet voice that even then sent a thrill through me. " I do a lot of bird-watching. In fact, that 's why I 'm here. I 'm looking for the Waxwings."

She sat down by my side just as a small child would, not troubling to cover her long legs with her kilt.

" Waxwings ? I 've never seen a Waxwing."

" I 've got a book about them here. I 'll read to you about them."

She began turning over the pages of a tiny pocket bird book.

" Now, what was the page—123, no ; 196, no. Here it is, 131."

" What ? " I said, hardly able to believe my ears.

" 131," she said. " Why are you so excited ? Is there anything odd in that ? "

" Something very odd," I said. " I 'll tell you some day. Read on about the Waxwings."

It was then that I thought for the first and last time of Fenella. If I 'm not back for tea I 'll have found my Cleopatra.

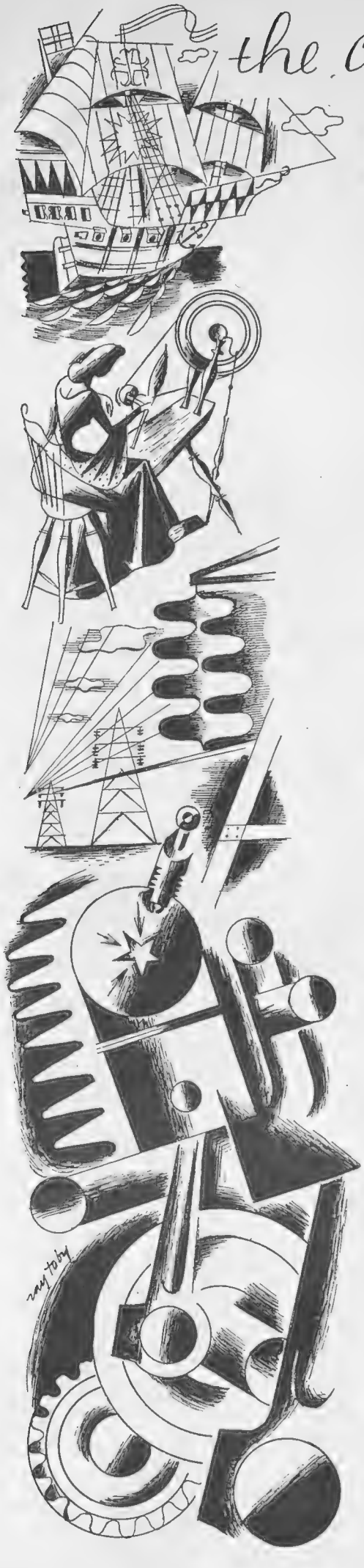
" I needn't read. There 's the picture. Crest on top, light grey on the breast, black beak, red wax splodges on the wing, yellow on the tail feathers. A lovely bird ; they only come over here every ten years or so. They 'll eat out of your hand. Tame as anything."

" Do they mate for life ? "

(*Continued on page 53*)

I saw her step out of the carriage, casually wave and walk slowly towards me. " A bit obvious and a bit impetuous to-day, my darling, aren't you ? " she said. But I knew she was glad to be with me

the coming of the MACHINE AGE



Will it Help or Distress Mankind?

By Negley Farson

IN the United States, up until the world slump, the inventor was universally accepted as the greatest benefactor of mankind. To say he isn't even now, would, to most Americans, merely rate you as certifiable. Certainly, any American housewife, from the poorest to the very richest—with her three-in-one electric stove-frig.-washing machine—her all-the-year-round private cold storage plant, her—well, I was going to list about every appliance that an American housewife does use—to save housework—she would just tell you, in the American vernacular, to "go chase yourself." To her, yours would be the kind of mind that isn't worth arguing with. And for this reason: the incredible amount of labour that American household inventions save—the American *woman* will certainly worship inventions for a long, long time after the male, her husband, has reached the sad conclusion that so much American inventive genius has actually cost him his job. You see, he used to be a skilled, highly paid, and indispensable workman in the rolling mill of one of the huge steel corporations. He, and another 149 men—just as skilled and as highly paid as himself—were required to turn a huge parallelogram of molten iron into a long ribbon of thin industrial metal, say, $\frac{3}{8}$ in. thick—such as you would use in making motor-car bodies.

But now, since the company has installed that newfangled ten-stand train-roller — why, it requires *only three skilled men to do that job.* The other 147 skilled men are not wanted any more. Yes, he knows what his son, who is in college, has just told him—that machinery just can't displace man—that actually, in the long run, every invention only provides more wealth for everybody—but he'd like to know where the so-and-so professor who is preaching that sort of bunk can find *him* a job!

Roughly, that is what is happening all over the U.S.A. Happening so fast, so widely—so terrifyingly fast and so everywhere during this war—that even the professor now is rather afraid to go on talking like that; that machinery just can't displace man. In a gigantic steel mill in Chicago I watched one of these "ten-stand trains" of gigantic rollers take a red-hot ingot weighing 1,900 pounds. When it slid from the fiery doors to the first roller it was 26 in. by 41 in. by 80 in.

As fast as I could walk, I accompanied it as it was shot through four separate rollers—then six coupled rollers. In the time that it would take a man to walk 100 fast yards that strip came out. It was now ·048 in. thick, 41 in. wide, *and* 600 *ft. long.*

This, after annealing and cold-strip rolling, would be cut into sheets for auto bodies. At least, it would have the day that I watched it, which was July 16, 1934— the year when the great wave of industrial strikes swept the United States from coast to coast.

"Just look at the *value* that has been added to that hunk of steel in this *first* process!" said the delighted manager of the steel mill. "From first to last, only fifteen men did all that! It used to take hundreds!"

I nodded, a bit worried: "What's happened to the other couple of hundred?" I went on: "From the questions I've just asked, I can see that, actually, there are only *three* skilled men on this job. The other twelve are what you steel men would call 'Bohunks'—eh?"

"You said it!" chortled the manager, a great "efficiency expert." He took one of them aside and introduced me to one of the three skilled men. This skilled man was, I remember thinking as I stood there talking to him, the type of "highly paid, high-living American workman" that the owners of these plants are always proud to show to visiting foreigners. I asked him how long it took to train his crew of twelve men, the twelve "Bohunks," that assisted him and his two fellow skilled workers to do this miraculous job. "*Them!*" he grinned, with ill-concealed contempt; "*they* don't know nuthin' —they just does what I tells them. They're just a bunch of goddam Polaks, anyway—can't even talk American. Only came here from Yurrop a coupla years ago. They're human dray horses."

"Well, well, well," I said. Then I asked: "It used to take at least 150 skilled men, almost as good as yourself, didn't it, to do this job?" "Yep," he answered proudly. "And listen, mister—that wasn't five years back. It was *one.*"

"What happened to your 147 ex-buddies?" I asked.

"Aw, listen, now," the manager cut in, with an uneasy laugh. "Don't you go getting Jake here to talking about economics, he's got to get on with his job."

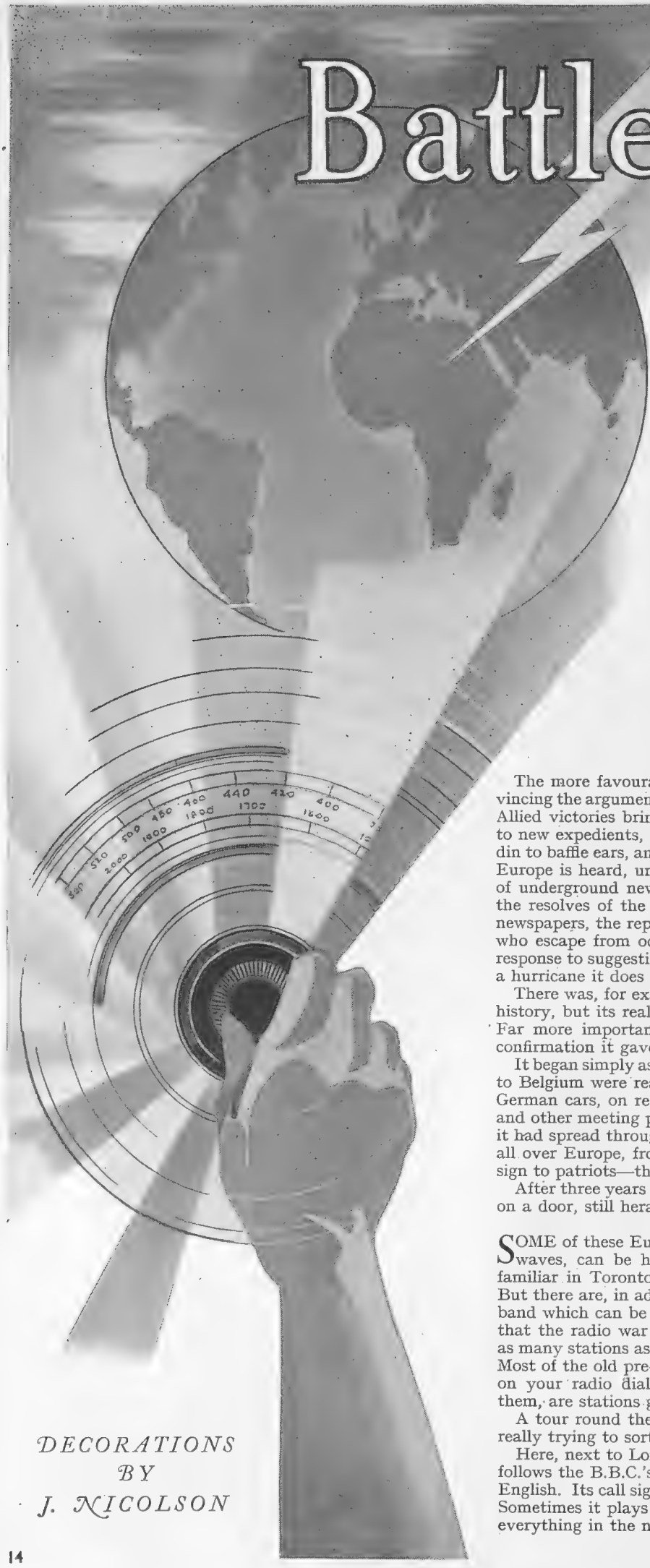
Well, let me tell you a funny sequel to that story. Although I am not so sure that that boss, the high-skilled "ten-stand train" man, will think it so comical —not when this war is over. The motor-car body manufacturers don't *need* that "ten-stand train" any more—no, in a few years after this war that old "ten-stand train," so far as motor-cars are concerned, will be as dead as a sailing ship. *Now,* you see, we can press that entire motor-car body out in one solid piece—out of *plastics.* "Yessir—make it out of soya beans, even milk, if we want to."

Those are not imaginary conversations. The fate of those 147 skilled buddies of the "ten-stand train" man is untraceable. Some went to more backward mills, of course. But backward mills aren't paying propositions in the United States Steel Corporation. So I guess I'll have to give you the answer that one of them gave me in that very steel town, before I left that hot night:

"Mister," he said grimly, "I'll tell you where they are—in the bread lines."

This is very far from imaginary. Some of the best social-scientists in the United States are now (*Continued on page* 58)

Battle on the



DECORATIONS BY J. NICOLSON

"THIS is London calling," says the B.B.C. announcer. And then, as a pandemonium of whistles, hoots and crackles assaults the ether, he adds, calmly: "And that is Germany jamming it."

We catch that much and miss half the next sentence. The next few words are fairly clear, and then there is a muffled passage. So it goes on, to the end of the bulletin, the announcer speaking slowly and as clearly as he can in an effort to be heard through the noise. But, in spite of all we have missed, we have contrived to gather the main outline of the news, and the news is good.

We wonder whether the message has been heard in the European countries to which it has been aimed. Is it a waste of electric power and lung power to pour out, for twenty-four hours a day, bulletins, stories, argument, facts and figures in twenty-two different languages, with the enemy doing all he can to dam the flood with noise? No. There is abundant evidence to show that no word is wasted, that all eventually reach the ears for which they are intended—if not at once, then very soon.

The more favourable the news is for the Allied cause the more convincing the argument; consequently the more noisy are the interruptions. Allied victories bring a crescendo of interference and drive the enemy to new expedients, new and louder devices. Bells and rattles swell the din to baffle ears, and yet every word that the B.B.C. sends into stricken Europe is heard, understood, passed along, or printed in the hundreds of underground newspapers that keep alive the hopes and strengthen the resolves of the millions who wait and work for liberation. These newspapers, the reports of secret agents, the stories of men and women who escape from occupied territory, and, above all, the quick, active response to suggestions, show the B.B.C. that although it shouts against a hurricane it does not shout in vain.

There was, for example, the V campaign. Its success may be ancient history, but its real meaning has hardly been understood even to-day. Far more important than its moral effect on the Germans was the confirmation it gave of eager reception and prompt results.

It began simply as a device to discover whether the B.B.C. programmes to Belgium were reaching a wide public. The V, chalked on walls, on German cars, on restaurant tables, or tapped out in Morse in cinemas and other meeting places, would be a sign to other listeners. In a week it had spread through Belgium to Vichy France, and in a month it was all over Europe, from Narvik to Athens. It had become more than a sign to patriots—the Germans saw in it a menace to themselves.

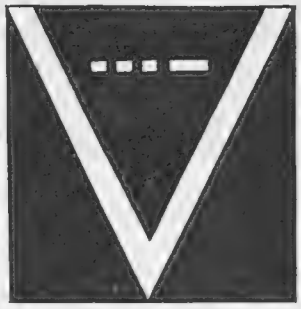
After three years it is still doing duty; the Morse V, like the knockings on a door, still heralds each B.B.C. broadcast to Europe.

SOME of these European programmes from Britain, sent out on short waves, can be heard in Canada, and the sound of Big Ben is as familiar in Toronto or Winnipeg as it is in Liverpool or Manchester. But there are, in addition, dozens of programmes on the ordinary wave band which can be heard only in Europe. It is in this congested band that the radio war is being fought most keenly. Three or four times as many stations as there were before the war now clamour to be heard. Most of the old pre-war stations are still there and in their old location on your radio dial, but between them and occasionally overlapping them, are stations giving out all the tongues of Babel.

A tour round the dial is an earsplitting adventure and, for anybody really trying to sort out what is being said, a nerve-racking job.

Here, next to London Regional, is a German station which regularly follows the B.B.C.'s news bulletins with its own version of the news in English. Its call sign is the opening strain of "Deutschland über Alles." Sometimes it plays jazz programmes for our own exclusive benefit, for everything in the nature of jazz or swing is forbidden to German ears.

Airwaves



The Morse V after three years is still doing duty and, like the knockings on a door, still heralds each B.B.C. broadcast to Europe

How The War By Radio Is Being Fought

By James Wedgwood Drawbell

I have even heard it play Chopin and Tchaikovsky—both banned in Germany.

There is never any jamming on this wave-length. The British official attitude to enemy broadcasts is: "They say. What say they? Let them say!" Or, in the vernacular: "Let 'em rave."

This is how a B.B.C. speaker put it in a recent broadcast to Denmark:—

"Probably at this very moment, while I am talking, the German disturbance of my broadcast may be coming from your loudspeaker. There is no jamming on any of the German transmissions. Has it ever occurred to you why this is so? Certainly not because we couldn't produce just as much disturbance as the Germans if we wanted to. But we don't want to. You see, we all know why the Germans jam us. Because they're afraid. They're afraid of the truth. And the more frightened they become the more violently they try to jam us. We are not afraid of what the Germans say—on the contrary it is very useful for us to be able to remind you from time to time of what you have heard from that side. But the Germans are afraid and becoming more afraid. Jamming is a good barometer of their fear these days and that is why we are reproducing for you these jamming sounds to-day. We want you to remember in future: each time you hear this sound you will know that it is a sign of German fear, and the more violent it is the more violent is that fear of the truth."

So the B.B.C. turns the Germans' own devices against them, using their jamming sounds as a demonstration.

As we go up and down the dial and hear voice after voice meeting opposition, we know that these voices are our own. Here is one speaking French and we can catch most of what it says. On the Continent, where the jamming originates, the interruption must be louder, but still the message gets through. What one underground listener in France or Belgium misses, another hears, and in cafés and homes, wherever two or three patriots gather, they pass the word along.

Following the advice of the B.B.C., they listen separately and meet as soon as possible to pool the different items that they have been able to get. Each group is advised to have at least one member who can speak another language, for in France, for example, programmes in French are most heavily jammed, while English and German programmes can be heard there with less difficulty.

"This," says the familiar voice from London, "is the B.B.C. special transmission for the editors of the clandestine press in Europe. Our aim is to give you facts, figures and quotations that will be useful to you in your work; and to keep you informed of what your colleagues in other enemy-occupied countries are doing. We hope that you will tell us what kind of information you want and how you want us to give it.

"Remember we are acting as your special correspondent in London and we are under your instructions. Our intention is to help the editors of the clandestine press in Belgium, France, Luxembourg and especially in those countries where radio sets have been confiscated—Poland, Norway, Holland. Here in London we read your papers carefully. Print your instructions in your paper and we shall do our best to serve you."

The Allies have a better story to tell than Goebbels and it is being told on the air, in the underground press, and whenever a group of Hitler's millions of victims are gathered together

SEVERAL times a day, in many languages, bulletins expressly scheduled "for the clandestine press" go out from London to the occupied countries. In spite of jamming and such desperate expedients as the confiscation of radio sets, the underground newspapers come out and are distributed among patriots and also among the German troops.

German generals find patriots' news sheets under their breakfast plates. Nazi soldiers in barracks find them in their beds. A Nazi officer hanging up his coat in a restaurant may later find his pockets stuffed with them. Even in Germany itself there are dozens of illegal publications, drawing most of their information from Allied broadcasts. They have been found in the haversacks of German soldiers captured in Russia. In Poland, where radio sets have been confiscated, there are 150 underground newspapers, and in Greece fifty, appearing regularly, although their editorial, printing, and publishing offices are always on the move, from hiding place to hiding place.

From cellars, from the back rooms of little shops, from parlours of suburban villas, and from country farm cottages, come the sheets that will be passed from hand to hand all over Paris, Brussels or Amsterdam. They are pushed under doors, left on tables, wrapped in legal newspapers, inserted in packages of rationed food. Boys distribute them among passengers in trains and buses. Death is the penalty for possessing them—yet they are everywhere.

Many of the "hostages" shot (*Continued on page* 50)

SIR RICHARD ACLAND handed over 17,000 acres to the National Trust, its largest gift to date

SIR NOEL CURTIS-BENNETT, Chairman of the National Playing Fields Association

DUKE OF SUTHERLAND. The biggest peer landowner. Owns a million acres

LORD DERBY. Most of the 69,000 acres he owns are in the county of Lancashire

LORD CADOGAN draws a princely revenue from land he owns at Chelsea

Who Owns England?

By C. Patrick Thompson

"NINETY-FOUR, two-seventy-nine square miles precisely. Yes, we flatter ourselves it's a nice little estate. Worth a lot of money. Profitable, too, with all the buildings on it and minerals under it, and the farms, fields, woods, rivers, shootings and fishings. Why, we even collect rent from the Port of London Authority for the 722 of its 4,203 acres which are under Thames water—ha, ha!

"You've no idea," went on the Minister for Land, drawing his foreign visitor's attention to comparative maps on his Whitehall-office wall, "what a hodge-podge this country was when we had private ownership. The waste, my dear sir, the inefficiency! Hedges and ditches, fences and walls, buttoning-up little land patches all over the place. And the trading—terrible! Land changing hands so fast, you couldn't keep track of it all.

"Why, in one year, the Commissioners of Crown Lands, who ought to have known better, sold pieces to county, borough, city, urban district and rural district councils, a yacht club, the Conservators of the River Thames, a bank, the Ascot Jubilee Trust, the Trustees of the National Deposit Friendly Society, the Post Office, the Metropolitan Police, the Commissioners of H.M. Works and Public Buildings, a railway company, the Air Ministry, and sundry private persons. There were more than a million names on the Land Register, and that didn't tell half the story, because it wasn't compulsory to register ownership.

"A popular notion was that a few plutocratic peers owned most of England, but it was far worse than that. All sorts and kinds of people owned it. Publicans, politicians, plasterers, playwrights and Poles, besides peers. Insurance companies, and institutions for the insane. Lord Catto, Governor of the Bank of England, owned seven acres; the Duke of Sutherland, a million acres; and a fellow named Patrick Thompson, a writer, he owned a couple of acres of England. Some people even bought land patches, and then forgot about them, or died without mentioning them, and there they lay, and nobody knew who owned them.

"Of course, once we nationalized the land, we stopped all that. We paid owners off in three per cent I O Us. Then we fixed rents so that income took care of interest and amortization, and left a few score millions over for the Treasury. People didn't like the State as their landlord at first, but they got used to it.

"Now, as you see, we're getting organized. Standard farms, standard forests, standard villages, and standard towns, standard houses and standard office blocks, all occupying standard-size pieces of ground. Soon we'll have everything fitted to our standard Form One, and our officials will be happy. The Russians fitted nineteen million households neatly into a quarter-million big farms. We'll do better than that. We shall have to knock some one-horse farmer heads together, of course, but. . . ."

Anticipating a bit? Perhaps. But the foregoing was inspired by a talk I had with a "land-for-the-people" politico, and is, on the whole, a mild transposition of his ideas into the fairy realm of the Utopian future. But I hope I live to see the great land take-over, if it comes, because the revelation of all the military secrets of to-day could scarcely be more sensational than the emergence to-morrow of all the land secrets, in terms of owners, values, revenues, acreage.

FOR instance, you can get at the income of the Church of England from its land—it varies, but approximates a million and a half a year from housing estates, farms, coal and other mineral-bearing lands, timber and shootings—but not at the acres owned. The Great Western Railway owns a lot of land, but when I asked how much, the head of the surveying and estate office explained that this great system is the result of amalgamation of a large number of rail undertakings over a century, and as circumstances have not so far arisen necessitating a calculation of the area of land owned, "no approximate figure is known!"

There are other and more personal items, very intriguing.

Our great and great-great grandfathers were surprised 120 years ago to discover that their king was not the country's biggest landowner. The nation took over his Majesty's 251,500 acres and compensated him by an annual grant by Parliament—the Civil List. The nation got the (*Continued on page* 56)

DUKE OF NORFOLK. The most profitable of his 50,000 acres is a small slice of the Strand

EARL OF NORTHAMPTON. This family owns a large portion of Islington and Clerkenwell

MARQUIS OF BUTE owns 117,000 acres. The family have built docks and turned Cardiff into a great port

DUKE OF BEDFORD, who owns a large part of Bloomsbury. The eleventh duke sold Covent Garden Market to a pill merchant for £2,000,000

"YOUR pass, please." The captain inspected it, using a small electric torch, which he then flashed in the car driver's face

The Assassin

Bringing Life into the World became more Important than the Mission he had Set Out to Fulfil

By Winston Clewes

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

THE big black car came to a smooth stop at the barrier. A soldier, a dim outline against the reflected glow of its masked headlights, approached the window. "Put out your lights and cut your engine," he said shortly. "Your papers, please."

The driver of the car handed out his pass. He switched off the lights. "I would rather not stop the engine," he said mildly from the darkness. "My batteries are run down, and it might be difficult——"

"I said, cut the engine," the sergeant repeated. He held the papers sideways, straining to read them. "It is an order."

"I am sorry for your order," the mild voice said, faintly amused. "But I am afraid I have no time to argue. Either pass me through, or please bring the officer in charge."

"Why, you——" the sergeant said, and hesitated. "Hans," he called. "Ask the captain if he will be good enough to step out here a moment." The man went off; the driver of the car opened the door and got out, slowly. "If this delay has any unfortunate consequences——" he began.

The sergeant, leaning across the steering wheel, was examining the interior of the car. "I have my orders," he said, the words muffled. "The captain——"

"What is it?" the captain said. "Where the devil are you, sergeant? Why is that engine running?" The sergeant emerged from the car, a black leather bag in his hand. He brought his heels together and stood to attention. "If the captain pleases," he said. "This man refused to switch it off. The orders are to avoid friction, and so——"

"Quite right," the captain said. "Your pass, please." He inspected it, using a small electric torch, which he then flashed in the driver's face. "Pardon," he said perfunctorily, and returned the light to the little photograph on the pass. Hooked nose, black moustache, pince-nez — the same. "You are not German, Doctor Herzfeld?" he asked. "Your name sounds——"

"No, captain," the doctor said. "My family has the honour to be of German blood. But I am really in a great hurry." He moved a pace nearer the officer. "It is—General von Krug," he said in a half-whisper. "You have heard he is ill——"

"No," the captain said, shocked. "What——?"

"You have not heard?" The doctor clicked his tongue against his teeth. "Dear me. Perhaps I should not——"

"You can trust my discretion," the captain said.

"But, of course," the doctor said quickly. "An operation is immediately necessary, as it happens. I specialize in intestinal disorders, and being a good collaborationist—— You see?" he concluded. "I cannot afford to lose any time."

"You certainly cannot," the captain said. "Sergeant, have the barriers opened. Hurry. I regret, sir, that you have been held up. You understand——"

"Naturally," the doctor said. "You do your duty as I do mine." He picked up his bag. "My instruments," he said quizzically. "Do you wish to——?"

"No, no," the captain said. "You must not waste a moment. Good night, doctor, and good success." He saluted.

The doctor drove through the barrier, across the bridge, into the city. With one hand he wiped away the sweat that was beginning to run into his eyes.

THE tall houses of the Old Town had closed round him protectively, before he found it in himself to smile in the darkness. The chances against the bridge guard knowing the true Herzfeld—knowing that the photograph on the pass, and

he himself, were *not* Herzfeld—had really been too enormous to be taken into account. Now, even if the captain took it into his head to telephone forward to confirm his coming, it simply meant that he would be expected, at headquarters. But by that time he would, in any event, have exchanged the two bags. He could not fail, then.

Ever since the Patriot Court had pronounced the death sentence on the beast von Krug, and he had put forward his plan, he had known he could not fail. His fear at the bridge had been instinctive. That was why he smiled: his cold mind found it amusing, that a man who had conceived and planned his own certain annihilation, should still be capable of fear. Fear of what?—he had nothing to lose; there was even a possibility of something to be won. He had no personal faith in survival, but Anna had believed——

He stared out at the street down which he drove, deserted at this hour. Just along on the left there should be—there it was. He turned off his headlights and swung the car into a narrow alley as dark as a tunnel between towering walls whose crests showed jagged against the stars. The warehouses were empty, mere shells without hearts, relics of the bombardment; the air was bitter with the stale reek of fire. Thirty yards down the alley he stopped the car, switched off the sidelights. Leaving the engine running, he got out of the car. He took his bag from the front seat, and opened the rear door. Moving swiftly and silently, every motion as he had practised it, he raised the cushion of the back seat. Under it, beside the battery and where the second battery should have been, a second black bag, a replica of the first, was strapped to a bracket. He unbuckled the straps, took out the second bag, and put it very carefully on the ground. He replaced it with the first bag, lowered the seat and closed the door. He put the second bag on the seat beside the driver's, smiling again at the care with which he handled it, knowing very well that the bag *must* be opened to detonate the high explosive it contained; knowing at the same time that when the moment came, his hands would open the bag without a tremor. He got back into the car, closed the door, and felt for a cigarette. The half minute it had taken had been the second danger point; for a moment he felt relaxed and easy. He lit his cigarette, and someone tapped him on the arm, through the window.

He blew out the match with which he had lit the cigarette, and turned slowly. Only his voice betrayed him: it was too loud. "Who is it?" he said. He could see nothing but the shape of the match flame, painted on the night.

A man's voice said hoarsely: "For God's sake——" There was a kind of scuffling sound, and then the same voice: "It is all right, I tell you. He is not a German." The man himself came into view, a dim shadow in a slouched hat.

"What is it you want?" the doctor asked.

The man seemed to sob. "It is my wife," he said. "She—she—her time is on her, and I—don't know what to do."

"Get a midwife," the doctor said, with cold brutality. "I cannot help you. I am sorry."

The man clutched the door frame with both hands. "No," he said. "You shall not go. I will throw myself under the car first. You do not understand. It is my wife." Words poured from him. "She would not leave me when—when *they* came—and since then we have been living—in there"—he jerked back his head—"like rats. I have stolen what I could—to keep us alive. We thought—when the time came—we could see it through—ourselves—if only we could keep alive, and be together. Now it is here—and I cannot bear it. For me, yes—anything—but for her——" He beat his fists on the door. "I cannot see her suffer any more," he said. "Do you hear me? This—this nightmare has gone on—too long——" His voice broke. He lowered his head to the door and wept quietly.

A small hand came out of the darkness, and pulled at him with a feeble persistence, saying without words: Come away. He answered it roughly: "Leave me alone. I know what I am doing." He turned again to the doctor. "Listen," he said. "You are a human being—not one of those swine." The violence of his muted pleading was frightful. "You will have your whole life to regret a refusal—she is so young: not yet nineteen—look——" He pulled the girl into view: an ordinary young face, dirty and misshapen with pain.

The doctor burst out in ungovernable irritation: "My whole life—I tell you I am on urgent business. In any case, what do you expect me to do? I am not a doctor——" He stopped abruptly. It was one lie too much. It transcended the whole atmosphere of his recent existence—lies, despair, death; it went beyond all that and denied everything: the good life that had gone before, Anna, Peter, his own absolute spiritual integrity. He could not stomach it.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked, quite gently.

The young man drew the back of his hand across his eyes. He swayed a little. "The hospital," he said. "It is not far. Take us to the hospital."

"And then what?"

"They will take her in. They must. It is why they are there."

THE doctor looked at the policeman with a cold hatred. "You are very kind," he said. "It was thoughtful—but I shall not need them"

"And you?"

The young man's shoulders lifted wearily. "I do not care. I am finished. They can have me." The girl moaned.

Without warning, another man spoke, saying in a rich, ripe, normal tone: "What are you waiting for, then? Is the poor child to have her baby here on the pavement, while you talk of this and that?" The three remained motionless, like statues. The newcomer chuckled. "Startled you, eh? Didn't know I was there? Well, well." He chuckled again. "But come now. In you get, my girl." He opened the door to the back seat. "And you, young fellow." He closed the door. "And as for me, I'll come in the front beside you, my friend. We'll just—put your bag—on the floor—and there we are, all snug and warm." He settled into the seat, wheezing slightly, a huge bulk of a man, giving off a delicate odour of cigar smoke.

The doctor turned towards him. "May I ask——" he began.

"You may indeed," the big man said. "Security Police. Sergeant Fischer." So that was it. "But what then?" he went on comfortably. "I hope I'm a human being too." So that was it: collaborationist police, the Traitors' Legion, as they were called. "I listened to the young man's affecting conversation, out there," he said, "until the tears—yes, I assure you—the tears came into my eyes. And I thought: I'll go with them, in case a patrol should take it into its thick head——" The girl whimpered through shut lips. "But hadn't we better get on?" he asked, with heavy sympathy.

The doctor nodded. His brain was racing. "Which way is it?" he said.

"Back out into the main road," the policeman said, "and continue as you were originally. And you had better put your lights on." The doctor glanced at him, sideways. "There, there," he said. His belly heaved up and down with amusement; he put a fat hand on the doctor's knee and shook it gently. "I must show off, how clever I am, eh? That's old Fischer all over—they'll all tell you." He leaned over. "I saw your headlights," he said confidentially. "One minute there they were, coming straight at me; next minute—pouf!—nothing. I came along to see where you had gone—and there you were."

The girl was now whimpering continuously, louder as the car swayed on the uneven *pavé*. The doctor's professional attention was caught by the change in note, even through his intense preoccupation. "How long since the pains started?" he called back. "About fourteen hours? Good. And they have occurred regularly?"

"Very regularly, sir," the young man replied. "But now they are much closer together. She says they are there almost all the time."

"Well, that is good," he said. "It is fine. Tell her she must not be afraid. She must be brave. How far now?" he asked the policeman in a low tone.

"Perhaps ten minutes, straight on down the boulevard, bear left at the bottom," the policeman said, and then louder: "They are both brave, these young ones. And she not yet nineteen. How old are you, son?" he asked.

"Twenty," the young man said, sullenly.

"And have you registered yet—for voluntary enrolment?"

"For exile?" the young man said. "No."

"Tut, tut," the policeman said. "That is bad. That is very bad. Do you hear that, doctor? He is a bad fellow, our young friend, eh? And you? You have a pass? Yes?"

"I have," the doctor said. How to get rid of him, he thought. How? How? "I will show it you, when we reach the hospital."

"But I should like to see it now, please." Something implacable lay behind his good humour. He chuckled fatly. "I'm a nuisance, eh?" he said. "But after all, what can you expect of a policeman? Thank you." He took the pass, and examined it as the captain had done, by the light of a little torch. "Excellent," he said, returning it. "Why did you say you were not a doctor?" he asked casually.

"Why?" the doctor said. "Because I was in a hurry, of course. I did not want to be delayed." Take him with me, he thought: that's it, why get rid of him at all?

"And you turned down the alley——?"

The answer came pat. "I have told you: just because I was in a hurry, my friend. It is a short cut to the square." He thought: My God, but how long had he been—did he see——?

"So it is," the policeman said, "so it is. But then, why *did* you stop?"

He had not seen, then? "I stopped," he said, "because I wanted a cigarette, and I turned out (*Continued on page 62*)

A Cottage and a Cow

The Tale of a Man Who Sought Happiness

By Arthur Mills

IN 1942 we sold our cottage in Sussex and became smallholders in Somerset. Our holding consists of four acres, including an orchard of fifty trees, a cottage, barn, stable, pigsties, and wagon shed. My wife found the place and, at her suggestion, I bought it in 1941.

It was a fearsome proposition at first sight. Water was supplied by a well, sanitation by an outside earth closet; upstairs there were three bedrooms (one tiny) and an apple-loft; downstairs two small living-rooms, 12 ft. by 12 ft., and a blackened witches' kitchen; all the woodwork was rotting throughout the house and rain drove through the worm-eaten window-frames; the ground-floor rooms and passage were paved with stone flags, upstairs the floors were unsafe and so was the staircase. The thick stone walls of the actual cottage were in good condition, as was the red-tiled roof. The place's principal asset was the fact that main water and electricity were available, if we could get a licence to lay them on; I was told such a licence would be granted, and it was.

The village church and green at Long Sutton, Somerset
(Reproduced from a sketch by Miss A. M. Mossman)

I say a licence was granted; that is so. It was granted in the autumn of 1941, but the builder, short of labour and busy with essential war work, was only able to construct a septic tank, install a w.c. and put one cold tap and a sink in the witches' kitchen by the spring of 1942. In April my wife suggested I go down to decide whether we ought to sell the place or persist.

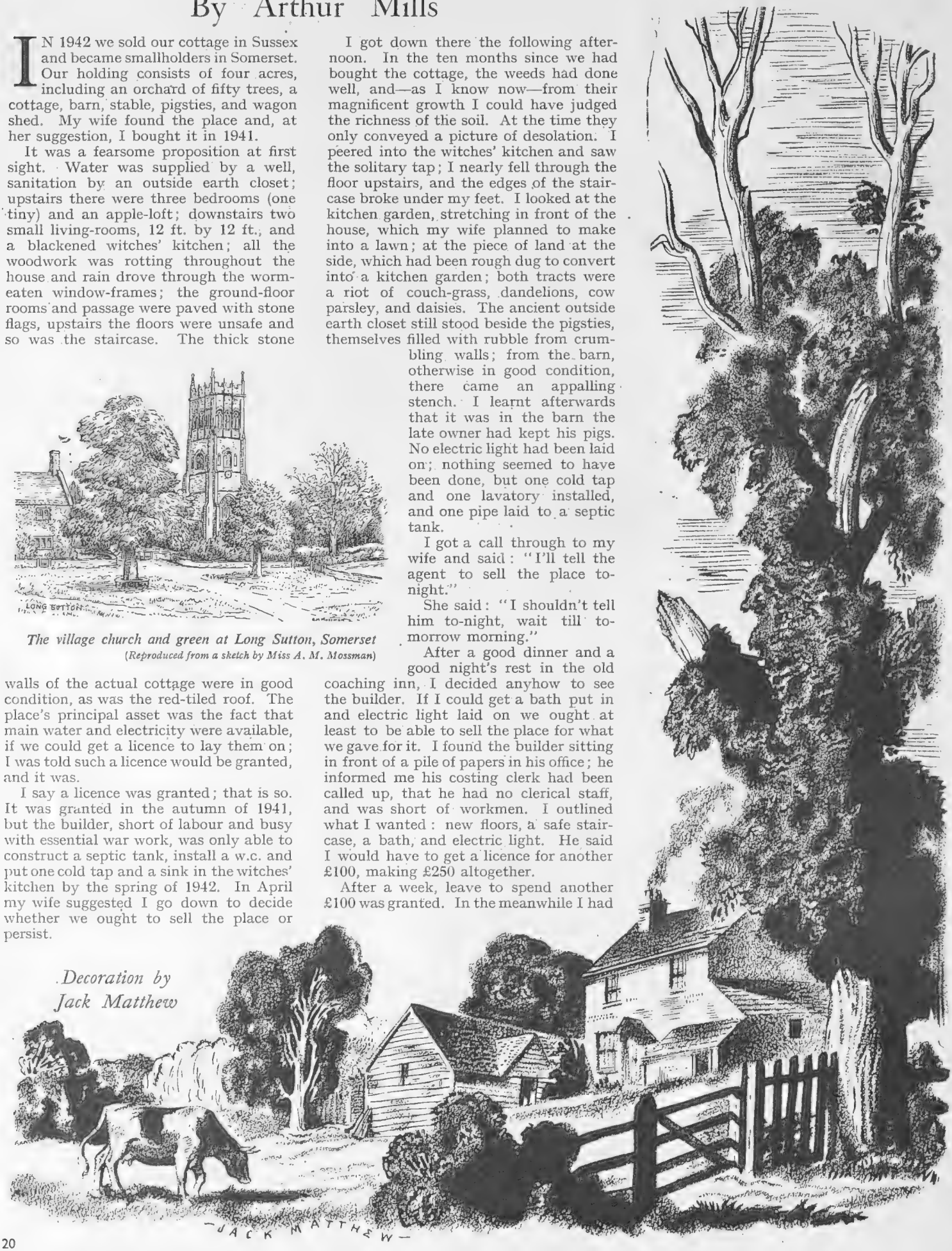
I got down there the following afternoon. In the ten months since we had bought the cottage, the weeds had done well, and—as I know now—from their magnificent growth I could have judged the richness of the soil. At the time they only conveyed a picture of desolation. I peered into the witches' kitchen and saw the solitary tap; I nearly fell through the floor upstairs, and the edges of the staircase broke under my feet. I looked at the kitchen garden, stretching in front of the house, which my wife planned to make into a lawn; at the piece of land at the side, which had been rough dug to convert into a kitchen garden; both tracts were a riot of couch-grass, dandelions, cow parsley, and daisies. The ancient outside earth closet still stood beside the pigsties, themselves filled with rubble from crumbling walls; from the barn, otherwise in good condition, there came an appalling stench. I learnt afterwards that it was in the barn the late owner had kept his pigs. No electric light had been laid on; nothing seemed to have been done, but one cold tap and one lavatory installed, and one pipe laid to a septic tank.

I got a call through to my wife and said: "I'll tell the agent to sell the place to-night."

She said: "I shouldn't tell him to-night, wait till to-morrow morning."

After a good dinner and a good night's rest in the old coaching inn, I decided anyhow to see the builder. If I could get a bath put in and electric light laid on we ought at least to be able to sell the place for what we gave for it. I found the builder sitting in front of a pile of papers in his office; he informed me his costing clerk had been called up, that he had no clerical staff, and was short of workmen. I outlined what I wanted: new floors, a safe staircase, a bath, and electric light. He said I would have to get a licence for another £100, making £250 altogether.

After a week, leave to spend another £100 was granted. In the meanwhile I had been staying at the very comfortable old coaching inn and cycling out to the small holding every day. During this period the terrible little place began to weave itself into my existence. It was so utterly derelict that unless one rushed away from it at once one was bound to start tidying it up. (*Continued on page* 48)



Decoration by Jack Matthew

Old Tales Re-told

Blackbeard—One of the Most Famous and Picturesque of all the Pirates

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

The tolerance of the various nations for these enterprises produced an appalling competition of adventurers of every land. Piracy achieved something like perfect organisation. It had its official ensign, black ground with horrific designs of the skull and cross-bones, flaming torches and crossed knives. But the pirates were not the only rogues, as we shall see. Corruption and bribery were rampant amongst the officials who were supposed to enforce and administer the law, and the impression we get from reading about those days is of a vast honeycomb of intrigue in which every man was ready to befriend or betray according to circumstances, and the loser was invariably the one who had less material power.

THE adventures and vicissitudes of the pirates make exciting reading. So much so, that in the printing and reprinting of books to meet popular demand, many stories have been altered or enlarged. But there is one writer, John Esquemeling, who actually lived among the scenes he describes. His narrative will serve as our guide for a reconstruction of one of the most famous and picturesque of all pirates, the redoubtable "Blackbeard." His appearance was immortalised in several portraits published in his time, and they help us to understand something of his daring and original character.

Teach was extraordinarily hairy, and he allowed his thick beard to grow to a great length and then divided it into three parts. The side sections, made into plaits, were coiled around his ears, while the centre was adorned with coloured ribbons and spread over his chest. To complete the bizarre and frightening effect, he stuck a pair of slow-burning tapers under the rim of his hat on public occasions. It was from the time he adopted this singular but effective make-up that he became known as Blackbeard

COLUMBUS claimed the New World for Spain. But Spain, it is to be feared, proved unworthy of the privilege of colonising so vast a dominion. In fact, she embarked on a course of ruthless spoliation, enforced by tyranny, slavery and every form of oppression. None but a Spaniard had any right to fill even the post of a clerk. No native, under pain of death, was to trade with any foreigner—or even with any Spaniard unless provided with a special licence issued by the Government at Madrid or the Council of the Indies. By both authorities these licences were sold to the highest bidder. Foreigners caught trading in Spanish territory found themselves in the hands of the Inquisition.

This state of affairs provoked an indignant reaction against Spain, the effect of which has been felt in many different ways through many centuries. One facet of it was the passive acquiescence and encouragement given to many who, under pretext of exploring or trading, sailed for the New World in boats equipped with cannon, powder and crews of cut-throats ready for anything in order to cut themselves a slice from the ill-gotten Spanish-American cake.

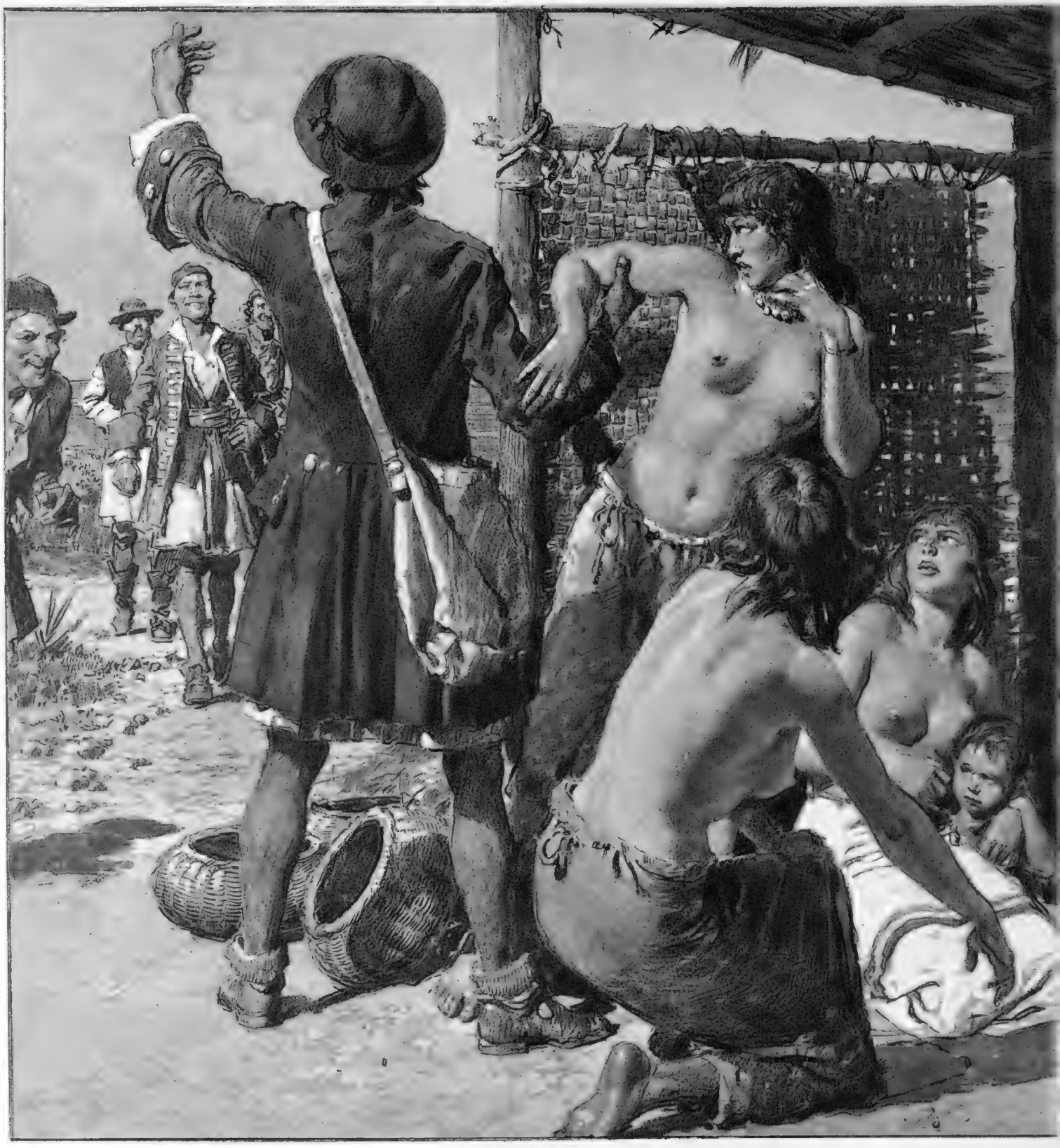
Among many of these "traders," from England, France, and elsewhere, some achieved almost legendary fame, notably the Frenchman, Lollonois, and the Welshman, Henry Morgan, who received a knighthood from the hands of Charles II.

His real name was Edward Teach. He was born at Bristol, and like others of his kind he began life honestly in the shipping trade. But in spite of ability and courage, he made little progress. Impatient to make better use of his talents and of his enormous physical strength, he became a confederate of Captain Benjamin Hornygold, a pirate of much experience, but one who was too mild and forbearing to make a great name for himself.

In the year 1717 they sailed together in a sloop bound for America. On the way they encountered three ships. The first two were worth little as prizes, except for some gallons of wine which Edward Teach much appreciated. But from the third, bound for Carolina from Madeira, they were able to take considerable plunder, and that without encountering any resistance.

After that they anchored off the coast of Virginia for purposes of cleaning ship, taking on stores and disposing of their booty.

TEACH, by reason of his imposing appearance, was an immediate success with the women they came into contact with. He had a roving eye and a susceptible heart, and in the course of his career he spent most of his money on the objects of his passing affection.



Resuming their voyage towards the West Indies, they sighted a large vessel. As they approached they recognised her for a French Guineaman. Despite the great disparity of size, up went the black flag of the sloop. Immediately, the Guineaman hove to and surrendered. This was Captain Hornygold's last venture, for it had been decided that Teach should take command of the captured vessel, so the partnership was at an end. Hornygold, who had had enough of this life, meant to avail himself of the King's proclamation, surrender, and gain a free pardon. In this way he would avoid further danger and be allowed to enjoy his ill-gotten gains in peace. This was the chance that Teach had been waiting for—to be alone in command and to be able to do as he pleased. He armed the ship with forty guns, christened her " Queen Anne's Revenge," and when everything was ready he took up his command, sole lord of his floating kingdom.

Although callous and aggressive, Teach was not a man of sanguinary instincts. But he knew that to become a successful pirate he had to inspire fear in all who served him as well as in his victims. He had to make them believe him a devil incarnate. To achieve this, he took advantage of the peculiar assets with which Nature had endowed him. He was extraordinarily hairy. Thus he allowed his thick black beard to grow to a great length and then divided it into three parts. The side sections, made into plaits, were coiled around his ears, while the centre was adorned with coloured ribbons and spread out over his chest. His bushy, black eyebrows almost met over his nose. To complete the bizarre and frightening effect, he stuck a pair of slow-burning tapers under the brim of his hat on public occasions. These lit up his piercing eyes and increased his ferocity tenfold.

It was from the time he adopted this singular but effective " make-up " that he became known as Blackbeard. As such he became famous.

The " Queen Anne's Revenge " was cruising with all sail spread round the island of St. Vincent when a fair-sized ship came into view. She was recognised to be a British vessel called the " Great Allen " ; but this made no difference to Captain Teach. The important thing was

When Blackbeard and his band resolved to go ashore to spend some of their booty in celebration, they did so in the spirit in which they had acquired it. The result was something between a barbaric invasion and the Rape of the Sabines

last disappeared. The crew were set ashore on St. Vincent and left there with Blackbeard's good wishes. He considered he had been extremely generous with them and sailed away with an easy conscience.

IT would be tedious to recount the full list of Teach's exploits, though some are picturesque to a degree. When Blackbeard and his band resolved to go ashore to spend some of their booty in celebration, they did so in the same spirit in which they had acquired it. The result was something between a barbaric invasion and the Rape of the Sabines. Young wives and daughters of the planters were chased and caught under the horrified eyes of their fathers, who were helpless to resist. Sometimes the girls were " borrowed " for a few days, and came back laden with presents. But even in this aspect of his profession, Blackbeard stands out from the common run. He professed to have a tender regard for the feelings of the women he wanted, and he treated them with unusual consideration. Each time some new beauty took his fancy, he arranged to go through a form of marriage with her.

It could not have been difficult in a Catholic-ridden country to find some missionary or other person in a cassock to bless the shrinking bride and eager bridegroom. Especially when the means of persuasion was probably a pistol-barrel poked in the ribs. So we must not blame the poor priest if he preferred a piece of gold to a piece of lead.

These excursions into matrimony generally amounted only to a short honeymoon while the ship was preparing for sea. Afterwards there was the usual farewell. If the bride shed tears, it was more likely to be tears of joy—for with Blackbeard off on a new expedition she was free once more.

Luck had increased his power. Before reaching Spanish-America he had met a pirate sloop armed with ten guns under the command of Major Bonnet. These two joined forces. But soon Teach discovered that Bonnet was only an amateur, and a poor one at that. He was really a gentleman of hitherto spotless reputation trying out a new trade without possessing any knowledge of seafaring life. With the full consent of the new crew, Major Bonnet's command was taken over by

to find out if she were armed ; and if so, to what extent. She was not, and so proved an easy prey.

Teach preferred to be lenient with his own countrymen, so, after plundering her, he took off the crew and then sent a party of his own men with torches to set her afire and sink her. The British ship settled down slowly and at

Blackbeard, now settled down on land as the rich proprietor of a beautiful house, made the acquaintance of a demure little miss of sixteen and offered her marriage. He forgot all about his many other wives, and after many difficulties were smoothed out, the wedding took place in fine style

one of Teach's more trustworthy men, while Bonnet climbed aboard Blackbeard's ship, where he was treated more as a mascot than anything else.

During his stay, he learnt with some surprise of what stuff real pirates were made. Even during the dull days of waiting for fresh prizes to appear on the horizon, Teach had to have something to divert his mind and occupy his body. One day, after hours of heavy drinking, he gathered together a few of his boldest men and said : " Let 's make a hell of our own and see who can stand it the longest."

Then he went down into the hold, closed the hatches, filled large pots with brimstone, sulphur, pitch and other combustible matter, and set them alight. Suffocating smoke and stench filled the air. Half-choked, and with streaming eyes, one after another the men rushed on deck. But Blackbeard remained stoutly where he was until he thought he had established his superiority. But when he came up, his face was pale and his eyes protruding. Someone remarked jokingly : " Why, Captain, you look as though you 'd come straight from the gallows ! "

To which Blackbeard answered : " That 's a brilliant idea, my lad. Next time we 'll play at gallows and see who can swing longest on the rope without being throttled."

This time the laughter which greeted the remark was not quite so hearty . . .

THE voyage took the form of a tour, touching at Turkill, Grand Caimanes, Havana, Bahama Wrecks and back to Carolina with the loot.

They anchored off the bar of Charleston just in time to hold up a ship leaving harbour for London. Blackbeard took prisoner all the passengers, some of whom carried large sums in gold. This all took place within full view of the shore and the town, and another ship which came out to the rescue fell into the pirates' hands as well. Almost at the same time a brigantine with fourteen negroes aboard, trying to enter the harbour, fell into the same trap. So Charleston was completely blocked, trade was paralysed and the whole province in a state of terror. Blackbeard even had the audacity to send one of his prisoners, escorted by armed men, to the Governor, Mr. Johnson, with a request for a chest of medical supplies which he badly needed. In exchange, he would release the prisoners. Refusal, or any act of hostility against his men, would compel him to release only the *heads* of the prisoners and send them with compliments to his Excellency. Needless to say, a few hours later a chest of medicines was carried on board and a pitiful collection of hostages, almost naked, went thankfully ashore in exchange.

Thus the field of action became extended to land as well as sea. Blackbeard had evidently so enjoyed his skirmish with the Governor of South Carolina that he felt inclined to test the mettle of another governor. With his ships filled with plunder, he sailed for North Carolina, where he found that a general amnesty had been proclaimed for all pirates who returned with plunder to hand over. This seemed a wonderful opportunity, and he decided to take advantage of it and surrender to the King's mercy—but he had no intention of yielding up the loot he had gone to so much trouble and danger to amass. He would find some means of keeping it in his possession.

First of all he got rid of Major Bonnet by leaving him in his own ship—empty, of course. He then marooned some of the crew on an island and proceeded to sink all his own ships except the one that was filled with booty. Then he went to the Governor, proffered him a substantial bribe, obtained his official pardon and a legal permit to retain his ship and her contents as his " legitimate property." The Governor had proved a match in roguery even for Blackbeard !

NOW, washed and purged of his past sins, Captain Teach settled down on land as the rich proprietor of a beautiful house. He had pondered over collecting his scattered wives, but on second thoughts decided it would be unwise, as they all knew too much about him. Better to forget the past altogether.

He then made the acquaintance of a demure little miss of sixteen and offered her marriage. But in North Carolina the law was different from in the south. To be married only by the priest was not sufficient. The ceremony must be registered by the Governor, and that could not be done while other wives were living. But as the Governor's reputation was, metaphorically speaking, already in Teach's hands, this difficulty was soon smoothed out and the wedding took place in fine style.

Blackbeard's present activities were confined to trading with his so-called legitimate property. Now and then, possibly out of boredom, he yielded to the temptation to make a bit of profit at his old game, or by victimising some of his neighbours. Then, shaking off all pretence of caution and emboldened by success, he plunged deeper and deeper into crime and conspiracy. When he was informed that a mission of citizens had gone to Virginia to ask the Governor to take drastic measures against him, he only laughed. He had had too many scares. But this time he received a warning. A proclamation was issued announcing the rewards to be given for killing or apprehending pirates. (*Continued on page* 54)

The death of Blackbeard. Captain Maynard, who had been ordered to capture Blackbeard, fought a duel with him and killed him. The toughness of the man was astonishing, for he had five bullets in his body and twenty other superficial wounds before he toppled over and fell dying

The French are not unconcerned about after-effects of the wild lawless life of the Maquis. They wonder if these might retain something of their commandeering descents on villages in search of the bare necessities

War Over To Peace

Will the Comradeship, born of Dunkirk and Blitz, leave a Permanent Imprint on the National Character?

By Ferdinand Tuohy

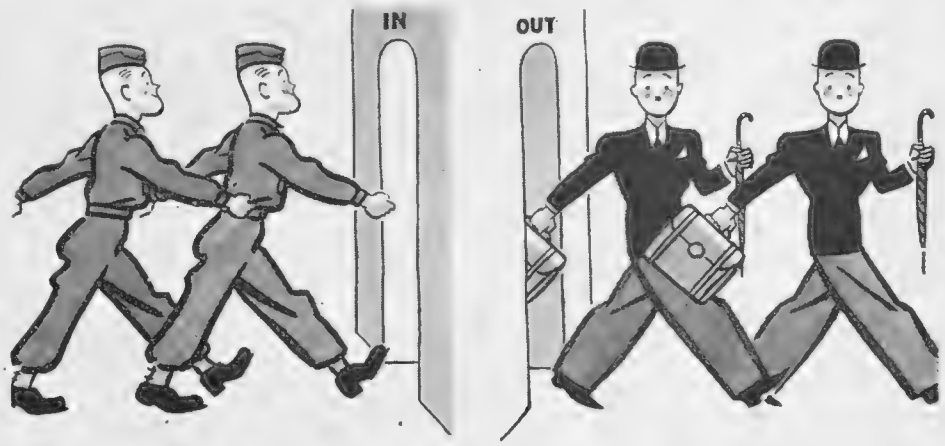
THE Americans are prime at thinking all round a subject and their Federal Bureau of Investigation has found time to consider whether returning Rangers who have been taught to kill skilfully and soundlessly might continue to practise these arts in civilian life after the war.

It is rather a fearful thought that Capones produced "on the belt" might be one harvest of all this shattering violence, yet it does not stand alone of its kind. Far worse is predicted in respect of unalterable young Nazis, while the French are not unconcerned about after-effects of the wild, lawless life of the Maquis, as it is being lived by scores of thousands of impressionable young men. They wonder if these might retain something of their commandeering descents on villages in search of the bare necessities.

A wide vista is opened by the whole subject, namely, how many of the habits and practices contracted during the war will be carried over to peace time? What will be shed and what will endure? What permanent inroads will the war make on the human animal resident in these isles?

Whether or not the war produces an international spate of gangsters, it is affecting contemporaries in and out of uniform, far more closely than any other war can ever have done. The last war loosened things up from nineteenth-century stodginess. This one by its total nature is manifestly going deeper. We may not notice it from day to day but we are adopting new habits, developing new qualities and quirks, faults and proclivities, following new trends and ways. How many will stick?

TAKE, first of all, this violence business. It is not sufficient to say that much the same was feared about the soldier of the last war and that rather the contrary occurred: a recoil from killing and violence. That war bred no such things as specialized commando killing and Maquis brigandage. It lacked the revolutionary impulses of the present struggle, together with this war's numbness to wholesale death and destruction under massed bombing. Life was never cheaper than it is to-day. The F.B.I. may be right in believing that returned buddies of latent proclivities may the more readily uphold the doctrine of the survival of the fittest which they've been taught, should they be out of work or the victims of real or fancied ills.



Catch them from one mould—and they'll be easier to fit into a second

The Forces should return as qualified handymen, almost one and all

What of our own manhood? Will it be more violent? I doubt it, though I should not be a bit surprised if demobilized men were to emerge as a political force, spurred by the Red Army men's scheduled rôle as leaders and fashioners of a nation. Forthwith this brings us abreast of one of the sharpest of all changes: the widespread craving for knowledge and information. Brains Trusting has begotten discussion groups on all sides and it seems assured that this newfangled educative process, essentially explanatory by the non-scholar, will be carried over. It is a direct growth of the war, since the audiences would never have been forthcoming but for millions of people being kept "put" in company for so long.

It should all be crude and difficult for quite a while. Many will be the pests afflicted by a little knowledge; many the fitters of blinkers to those who would perceive. Whether greater content resides in the less instructed state should be a live topic around A.D. 2000.

Along with brainbusting go wartime's voracious reading and its popularizing of music. Well, will all the reading endure once the merry-go-round starts up again? Will the necessary repose be snatched from a dashing hither and thither age beside which 1914 and all that will appear as the pace of the snail? I think music, thanks to radio, has a better chance than reading and that instead of books, the run will be on converted ABCAs and on broadcast and televised imparting of book knowledge.

Then there's the language itself. What with R.A.F. and American influence, prangs and parties and pin-ups, what with chronic initializing and borrowings from (*Continued on page* 56)

Invasion Eve

It Was Not a Day for Sorrow or Rejoicing, but for Courage

By Robert Greenwood

"IT ain't easy to land just where you want on a strange beach," remarked Tom Bridges, "and it ain't easy to get ashore without being spotted neither." "You ought to know, Tom," said the doctor slyly

IN the bar parlour of Dinglesea's only public house, in the grocer's window, and stuck on the end of Crabbett's barn, were posters advertising a concert and dance in the village hall. The name Dinglesea did not appear on the posters; it did not appear anywhere for miles around, not outside the post office, nor on the church notice board, not even on the farmers' carts. All place names, all signposts, had been obliterated back in 1940, a period Dinglesea's fisherfolk and farmers referred to as "the time of the invasion."

The posters stated that music for the dance would be provided by the "U.S. American Band." Since the war Dinglesea had entertained north-country soldiers, midlanders and Canadians, and the principal thing it noticed about them was that they all had peculiar accents. Now the Americans were here and they had a peculiar accent too. Not, perhaps, quite so funny as broad Yorkshire, but queer enough to excite comment, as differing from the drawl of Kent regarded as the normal utterance of human speech.

Nowadays soldiers were Dinglesea's only visitors, but in the happy days before the war they had trippers by the score. Mr. Lampert brought them in his bus and they overflowed the "Mariners" bar parlour and crowded every tea room. They tramped across Mr. Crabbett's fields, leaving his gates open and flattening his barley. But only occasionally, as the vicar wistfully remarked, did they come to church to hear a sermon.

To entice visitors Dinglesea provided a bathing beach, and christened a hole in Bolder's Cliff "the smugglers' cave." You could buy picture postcards of it and recall the old romantic legends. Of course, there were no smugglers in Dinglesea now. All the same, Tom Bridges, who kept the "Mariners" and did a bit of fishing, sometimes went so far across the Channel that he fished some fine French cognac duty free, and both the doctor and Mr. Crabbett knew the flavour of it.

So little excitement came to Dinglesea these days that the whole village was in a flutter about the dance. The Rev. Dodds was even now stretching a paper streamer across the hall, with Captain Merrill of the U.S. Army manipulating the other end of it. All through tea time at the vicarage it had been evident to the captain that Mr. Dodds was anxious about to-night's affair, afraid that, in spite of the villagers' best efforts, the troops might just be bored.

It was rather surprising to learn that this plump clergyman, with the pinkish cheeks and benignant spectacles, had gone with Tom Bridges in the motor boat to Dunkirk; it almost made you think Dunkirk couldn't have really been so bad. Asked about his experiences, Mr. Dodds leaned forward, with the streamer in his hand. "I suffered the most violent nausea," he answered, and indicated on his gently rounded waistcoat the focal point of that disturbance.

With its flags and coloured streamers the hall looked festive. In spite of some uneasiness lest Dr. Meakin—unless prevented—would once more sing his one and only solo, "The Blind Ploughman," the vicar couldn't help feeling gay; it all reminded him of old times. Villagers trooping in gazed about them, their faces brightening, as though they came into the light after days of darkness. They had assembled here for some grim purposes during the last four years, to enrol in the Home Guard, go through gas drill, train in first aid. The hall was filled with memories of the black days before Dinglesea saw a single soldier or heard the comforting rumble of a tank, when the beach was mined, the roads barricaded, and watchers posted day and night on Bolder's Cliff. Then, in blackness and isolation, Dinglesea had waited, waited for the invasion.

Those anxious days still lived in the

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background of everybody's mind. The chief dispenser of comfort had been Tom Bridges, who would periodically remark:

"They can't come for another fortnight now. Tides aren't right for 'em and currents set off shore. They've got to wait for the moon and tide."

Many such discussions took place in the back room of the "Mariners" where a few choice spirits gathered to warm themselves after a spell of watching on the cliff. Dr. Meakin sipped his cognac and nodded sage agreement. Seeing the doctor nodding, Mr. Lampert of the garage nodded too. He was a stunned man, the Government had commandeered his bus, taken his sons into the Army, cut off his petrol, and, in effect, wiped out his business at a stroke. He grasped at any comfort.

"Bah!" exclaimed Crabbett. "Do you think Hitler came all that way to be stopped by a bit of water? They'll cross, you'll see. They'll surprise us."

"It ain't easy to land just where you want on a strange beach," remarked Tom Bridges. "And it ain't easy to get ashore without being spotted neither."

"You ought to know, Tom," said the doctor slyly.

Tom Bridges had forsaken his bar tonight and was entertaining the hall in his best suit, his hair flattened down with water. His daughter, Mary, had already been escorted hither by an American sergeant. The Americans had lately inundated the "Mariners," and were there regarded with interest as belonging to a race known more or less inaccurately through the pictures. They came from Virginia, Texas and Kentucky, names strung on the phrases of Dinglesea's popular songs. Also from Appalachicola and Oshkosh, places which undeniably existed and could be identified on a map. Mary Bridges, just nineteen and neat and pretty as a wren, was becoming accustomed to looking at photographs of American girls as well as girls from Birmingham and Dundee, produced from wallets and exhibited as a favour.

Sergeant Ball was now producing one received to-day from Minnesota.

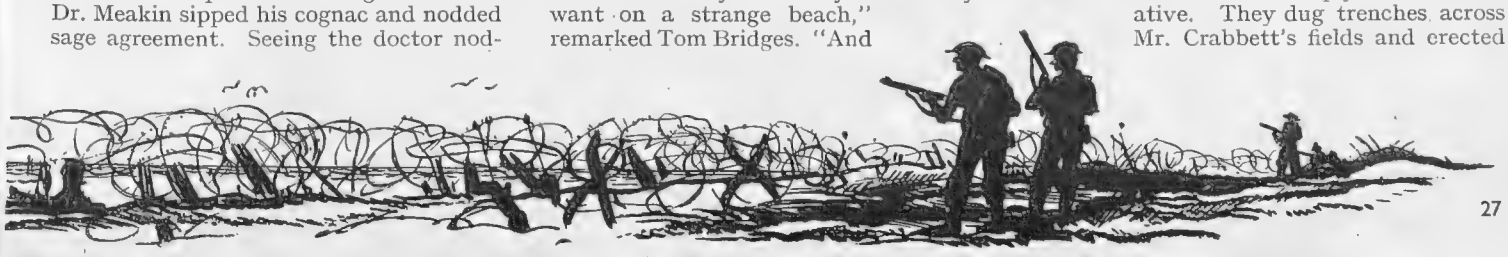
"I say! She's rather nice."

"Rather *nice*!" There was a note of hurt, almost indignant, protest at English understatement. "Gosh! She's the cutest——"

"That's what I meant—she's nice." And Sergeant Ball looked at the picture once again, his girl back home leaning against the railings of the porch. That bit of old familiar railing, that glimpse behind her of the well-known path and window, brought home back to him and filled him with a sudden longing beyond all words.

Mr. Dodds was beginning to wonder who was entertaining who at this affair. Some British commandos had arrived, guests of the Americans, and some Waafs, guests of the commandos. He was reminded of the first occasion Dinglesea entertained the troops. Canadians who came to garrison the coast and generally waken up the village. Mr. Lampert, above all people, felt eternally grateful to the Canadians. They took over his disused garage for a cookhouse and it had never been anything else since. Now it was so grimy with smoke and so full of portable boilers that only the strongest imagination could reach back and picture it as it used to be, crammed each week-end with visitors' cars.

The Canadians had been fond of looking across the Channel towards the coast of France. If you asked one of them if they were presently going to land there, he would answer "I'll say!" which Dinglesea understood to be a reply in the affirmative. They dug trenches across Mr. Crabbett's fields and erected



YES, there was something in the air to-night, the vicar thought, as the band struck up and couples whirled into the first waltz; a thrill of impending great events

strong points in what he called "the most ridiculous places," and always where they caused the greatest inconvenience.

Then suddenly the Canadians vanished and in their places came Yorkshiremen who "tanked across" everybody's land with the utmost abandon and made the "Mariners" ring with songs in an incomprehensible dialect. They, too, looked across the Channel and made their intentions plain.

"We'll show 'em summat," they said. But they, too, vanished and the great stroke that everybody hoped for never came.

Presently from Italy and far-off Burma came letters from once familiar Canadians and Yorkshiremen writing that they would "never forget Dinglesea."

NOW the Americans and the commandos were looking across the Channel and there was something in the air that had been there before, a thrill of expectancy, a hope built up and disappointed many times, now springing up again. A new phrase was born, "the second front."

"All propaganda," declared Mr. Crabbett. "All done to draw troops off the Russians. I'm tired of hearing about it."

"We've got to land some day. Won't finish it no way else," said Tom Bridges.

"And *how* are we going to land?" inquired Crabbett, who, nowadays, always stressed the impossibility of the Allies doing what he had once maintained was easy for the Germans.

"We brought 'em out of France and we can put 'em ashore again," answered Tom, whose faith was in the Navy.

Yes, there was something in the air to-night, the vicar thought, as the band struck up and couples whirled into the first waltz; there was a thrill of impending great events. He hoped there wouldn't be any careless talk. You couldn't stir outside Dinglesea without seeing preparations; tanks under hedges, guns behind cornstacks, piles and piles of shells amongst the dunes.

He turned to find Dr. Meakin strolling in with his accompanist, a young New Yorker who excelled in Chopin and thereby proved that there really were Americans who preferred Chopin to Irving Berlin.

"What's he going to sing? 'The Blind Ploughman'?" whispered Mr. Dodds.

"Yes sir, that's right," replied the accompanist, wondering perhaps how the vicar knew and, if he knew, why he sighed to hear expectation confirmed.

Mr. Dodds, having sighed, went on to deal with difficulties in the refreshment room. The ladies had bread in plenty and some currant buns without currants. There was a massive and richly yellow cake from Mrs. Crabbett which had never been made out of dried eggs, but, as the vicar's wife instantly divined, from eggs illegally withheld by Mr. Crabbett from the egg pool. She did not, however, mention this suspicion to the vicar. Anything which lay so lightly on the stomach should never, she considered, put a weight on human conscience. But sugar was the difficulty, sugar always was the difficulty, and there was not nearly enough for tea. As for coffee, it needed milk and was a beverage about which Americans were fussy.

A colloquy about these matters took place whilst the band subsided and a cockney known as 'Erbert "obliged" with what he claimed to be an imitation of Little Tich. And (*Continued on page* 60)

The bronze statue of King Alfred the Great at Winchester, the capital of his England

The First Englishman

Alfred the Great—The Saxon King

By C. Lovett Turner

BRITAIN without her navy would be like a cider orchard without an apple tree, it simply could not exist. Yet it was not until repeated invasions had ravaged the country for centuries that our navy was even contemplated—and that by a man whose chief claim to remembrance was that he burnt some cakes in a swineherd's hut!

Perhaps it is due to this picturesque and exaggerated story that King Alfred is looked upon as an unpractical dreamer, a refugee in the Isle of Athelney, who later had the good fortune to attack the Danes at the crucial moment and so clear his country of its enemies. All of which is a libel on the name of one truly called "The Great."

Asser, the historian who lived at the court of King Alfred, gives a different version of the king and his famous *faux pas*. He tells us that Alfred was sitting at the hearth "making ready his bowes and other warlike instruments" when the cakes had the misfortune to burn, as unwatched cakes so often do, for which the good housewife duly scolded him right well—probably she was weary of her unknown evacuee and thought her cakes were of more importance than his warlike instruments, in which she was proved wrong.

Another story, giving a more heroic flavour to the character of King Alfred, comes from William of Malmesbury, who tells how the king "hazarded an experiment of consummate art" by disguising himself as a minstrel and entering the court of the Danish king in order to find out for himself how matters stood. Presumably he was a musician of high standing, for he was welcomed and allowed to entertain the king and his politicians in the banqueting hall, where he overheard sufficient of his enemy's plans to put them to rout. It took more than a dreamer to play his part and listen "with both ears and eyes" and then put his knowledge to practical use, as this historian affirms.

A statue of King Alfred the Great at Wantage, Berks, where he was born in 849

Another statue of King Alfred the Great at Pewsey, Wilts. In this district the king fought many of his battles

In action Alfred was a fierce leader, "charging into battle with the rush of a wild boar," handling his men "as though the warrior, Judas Maccabeus, had gone forth to battle." Unfortunately his armies, though fighting courageously when needed, faded away as soon as victory seemed secure, leaving the king to clear things up as well as he could. It was not an easy matter to gather them together again when wanted, and delay in a secondary attack often proved fatal.

The Mump, Isle of Athelney, Somerset. This artificial mound is believed to be the site of Alfred's fortress, where he once more gathered together his army and finally defeated the Danes at the Battle of Ethandune. The mound is capped by a fourteenth-century chapel destroyed during the Civil War

An obelisk at Athelney, Somerset, which marks the spot where King Alfred the Great in 879 founded his abbey after defeating the Danes

In the Vale of the White Horse, in Berkshire, is one of nature's jokes that Alfred is supposed to have used to summon his army together. This is a large stone with a cavity which, when blown correctly, acted as a siren making a "grewsome noyse between a mowne and a roare"—surely the remote ancestor of Mr. Churchill's famous "banshee howlings!"

Even with this "grewsome noyse" (*Continued on page 64*)

Test of a Pilot

An Operational Mission Which Helped to Solve a few Problems

By J. E. Gurdon

WHEN ferry pilots called at St. Brule to collect aircraft they usually experienced a shock on first meeting the chief test pilot. This, though, was due to the fact that as a rule they were young, and in their eyes it seemed scarcely proper that a grizzled veteran of forty-six should still find pleasure in thundering about the sky in a two thousand horse-power fighter.

Older visitors, if they had long enough memories in matters of the air, found no such cause for surprise.

They would inquire at the watch office, or in the neighbouring R.A.F. mess, if "J.J." was anywhere about, then they would seek him out in his den behind the flight shed, and the talk would range around flying in the Arctic or flying in the Andes, flying over China or flying over Central Africa—flying, in fact, wherever a man could have flown during John James Ingram's twenty-five years of piloting. To visitors such as these there was nothing strange in the fact that J.J., with seventeen thousand hours packed into his log book, should be chief test pilot at one of the busiest and most mixed distribution centres in the British Isles.

Also, of course, they would meet Ingram's son, the curiously silent young man whom every one on the airport knew as Jim.

Because he had been J.J.'s pupil since the age of sixteen, Jim Ingram could fly even better than his father; because of this brilliance he spent his days testing everything with wings, from four-engined amphibians to the fastest single-seaters; and because his very soul craved to be on operations with the R.A.F., he withdrew into his shell of reserve and shunned the society of men—of all men, that is to say, except Patrick Dearden.

It was an unexpected sort of friendship which puzzled a good many observers, including J.J. himself, for the two young men could hardly have been more dissimilar.

Jim was utterly unknown to the general public, and likely to remain so; Pat, with his D.F.C. and bar, was already attracting the unwelcome acclamations of the noisier papers, which hailed him as an "ace," and called him "Catseye Dearden" because of his exploits by night. Jim had a taste for Mozart; Pat revelled in swing. Jim was never more tongue-tied than in the presence of a girl; Pat never more delightfully entertaining. Jim could not even remember being in love; Pat had long since forgotten the time when he wasn't.

THEY met as usual on the Friday night in the lounge of the Shire Hotel, and the aged waiter brought them two tankards of ale without waiting for an order.

"Dancing?" asked Jim.

Pat shook his head, frowning at his beer.

"Can't," he said. "Got a job on."

"Interesting?"

"Ought to be. In fact on the whole I think it'll turn out a fairly swift little party. But nothing ostentatious, you know—at least I earnestly hope not. Hate ostentation myself. Makes one feel so damned conspicuous."

Jim was eyeing him thoughtfully as he raised his tankard.

"Many going to this—er—party?" he murmured.

"Can't say for certain, but once again I earnestly hope not. You see," admitted Pat, "I haven't exactly been invited. In fact, I'm not even expected—at least, for the third time, I earnestly hope not."

He emptied his tankard with a little sigh of appreciation, and beckoned the aged waiter with a friendly finger.

"Two more please, Charles. How's the wife getting on?"

The old man beamed as he placed the tankards on his tray. Like the rest of the staff of the Shire Hotel he worshipped at the shrine of Patrick Dearden.

THE German blew up in mid-air and nearly blasted J.J. out of the sky in the process

"Quite nicely, sir, thanking you for asking. It's been a nasty attack of bronchitis that she's had, but the doctor, sir, says that he's very well satisfied."

"Splendid," said Pat with enthusiasm. "That's wizard."

He had never met the waiter's even more aged wife, and he never expected to meet her, but he quite genuinely felt a personal pleasure in hearing that the old lady was making a good recovery from her bronchitis. It was this width and warmth of heart, this ability to take a friendly interest in the lives of others, which so commended Patrick Dearden to the vast majority of all whom he met; also, it was a quality that was destined, in the course of the next few minutes, to be the origin of the most far-reaching consequences in the lives of himself and many others.

As he watched Charles ambling away he suddenly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. MACKINLAY

realized that Jim was speaking, and that his friend's manner seemed curiously hesitating.

"Sorry," said Pat. "Been gathering wool. Didn't quite catch that last bit. Say it again."

Jim paused, on the verge of changing his mind, but repeated the question he had been asking.

"Where's the party being held?" he began slowly, then hurried on as he caught the sudden surprise in Pat's face. "Oh, all right, all right, all right! Consider the words unspoken. And incidentally I apologize for asking a damfool question. Can't imagine what made me do such a thing unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless it's because one gets so utterly browned off with a *crawling* job like mine!"

Pat made no attempt to argue, but merely nodded. He might have pointed out, with perfect truth, that he himself, and most of his R.A.F. friends, looked upon Jim Ingram's job as being every bit as worthy of respect as their own; he might have done this, but he understood his friend too well, and knew with what bitter resentment he chafed against his forced civilian status.

"It's tough," he agreed.

Jim shrugged, cramming tobacco into the bowl of his pipe.

"Tough or not, we'll forget it," he said. "Also I'll ask you to kindly forget that careless-talk question of mine."

"Not so sure that I shall."

Charles was returning now with the tankards, and Pat's eyes were upon him.

"In fact," he added, "I rather think I won't."

If it had not been for the train of thought beginning with Charles and his ailing wife, Pat's reaction would almost certainly have been entirely different. He trusted Jim implicitly: at any hour and on any day he would cheerfully trust him with his life, his money, or even with the latest and loveliest of lovelies; but he would not have confided a Service secret to him if it had not been for the train of thought beginning with Charles.

By some strange mental alchemy, though, the sight of Charles and the memory of Charles's wife became transmuted into a vision of what his own parents might become in their old age; and with that transmutation was born the sudden resolve that never should they be left to bear the additional burden of doubt as to what had happened to their only son, if the Fates decreed that he was not to come back from the adventures of the night.

He glanced at his watch and turned with an air of sudden decision.

"I shall have to be getting along shortly," he said, "to collect the latest gen before dressing for the show. If I'm not back by oh-four-double-oh hours you may take it as pretty conclusive evidence that the party's been a flop—either that, or else it's been too damned hectic, whichever way you like to look at it. Should such-and-such be the case I'd like you to rout out my people some time and give 'em a general idea of the night's proceedings. This is the programme, according to present plans . . ."

THE secret was out and the tale told before the two realized that there was an intruder at their table. She was standing by Pat's side, looking down at their bent and earnest heads with an expression of amusement mixed with irritation. When she spoke, her voice held the curiously cold and tinkling quality of a woman with a grievance.

"I apologize," she said, "for interrupting the Cabinet meeting——"

Like marionettes jerked by the same string the two men leapt to their feet, Jim's chair overturning with a crash as he tried to find his balance.

"Hello, Cleo, this is great——"

It was Pat who spoke, but his air of welcome seemed constrained by a most unfamiliar touch of awkwardness. Jim said nothing. Having replaced his chair, and apologized to an empty table, he stood quite still, watching Cleo.

NO sooner had they hauled us out of the wet than the German torpedo-carrier appeared, hotly pursued by yourself

"Yes, it's great, absolutely great," repeated Pat dully.

She silenced him with an abrupt little gesture as she turned to Jim, and for the first time in his life J.J.'s son discovered what may happen to a young man suddenly becoming aware of a girl. He had seen Cleo Loring on countless occasions. Once or twice, in fact, he had carried on an adequate if scarcely fluent conversation with her. Secretly—and in an almost impersonal way—he had even found pleasure in contemplating the tilt of her nose, and the way in which certain curls clustered at the nape of her neck. But he had never before been aware of her; he had never imagined that she could look like this.

Cleo smiled at him indulgently.

"Feeling the heat?" she inquired, but, before he could reply, had linked her arm through his and was gently drawing him away. "Tell me," she invited, "what is your candid opinion—*candid*, I repeat—of that peculiarly ropy R.A.F. type who asks a girl out to dance and supper, and then drifts off to the local to binge with one of his cronies—the crony, darling, on this occasion being you?"

"Cleo, listen——" Pat was by their side and his face was troubled. "Surely," he said, "you don't mean to say you didn't get my message?"

She drew herself up to her full height of five feet four inches and eyed him stonily.

"Someone rang me up from the mess," she began.

"That was Hornaby. I asked him to."

She shrugged indifferently.

"It doesn't matter who it was. The point is that he not only swore that you were flying at that particular moment—which may have been true—but also said that you were terribly sorry but couldn't meet me at eight o'clock because you would be flying again now. And that, my dear Patrick, is most manifestly not true, because I find you here in the 'Shire' lounge, swigging beer and plotting darkly with Jim. So what?"

"The answer," said Pat, "is simple. The show was postponed at the last minute, and when I rang you up to let you know, you had already gone out—which was, I felt, and probably looked, a bit dumb when you suddenly pounced on Jim and me a moment ago. Honestly, Cleo, I'm most terribly sorry but——" Suddenly he broke off to glance at his watch, then dived for his hat and gloves from by the side of his chair. "I'm late already, and there'll be all hell let loose if I don't hustle. Explain for me, will you, James? 'Bye, Cleo—and try not to be too hard-hearted!"

A smile, a little gesture of farewell, and he was gone, weaving his way on and out among the tables. The girl stared after him, then turned to Jim. She spoke very softly.

"Is he going on operations?"

Jim nodded.

"I see." Cleo seemed to be talking to herself rather than to him. "I see," she repeated. "But you, of course, will be staying at home to play all by yourself—won't you, James?"

She moved towards the door, and he made no attempt to follow her.

IT was then that J.J. came upon him, and the shrewd grey eyes flickered from his face to the form of the girl as she passed out into the hall.

"Drinking slops again? Disgusting! Throw 'em away and come and get a real drink."

Jim turned with a quick smile, and was not in the least surprised or scandalized to notice, from certain subtle signs, that his father had already enjoyed several "real drinks"—a euphemism which, in J.J.'s idiom, stood for double whiskies, while "slops" included the entire range of beers and ales.

"A real drink," continued J.J., affectionately guiding his son by the shoulder, "is quite definitely what any competent doctor would order at this moment. You look as if little Cleo Loring had been using you as a punching bag. What's her trouble? Made a date with Patrick Dearden, I suppose, discovered that he'd forgotten all about it, and promptly proceeded to knock the stuffing out of you by way of letting off steam. If that's the case, don't worry about it, son. It's an almost automatic feminine reaction."

Although Jim laughed, and although his father continued to chaff him until they were sitting side by side on high stools in the American bar, J.J., in his wisdom, knew quite well that no mere passing flash of girlish temper could have brought that look of hurt into his son's eyes. Between father and son there was a bond of understanding far deeper and truer than the usual casual affection of the modern family—a bond which both recognized all the more clearly because the father had lost the wife whom he adored, on the day when Jim was born.

With almost womanly sensitiveness he now set about probing the trouble, and before he had drained his whisky he knew even more than Jim himself—knew that the girl who had entered his son's life might well be there to stay; knew that in spite of this great adventure James Ingram would still barter away half his future years for the privilege of being in Patrick Dearden's shoes that night; knew everything, (*Continued on page* 66)

FOR the first time in his life Jim discovered what may happen to a young man suddenly becoming aware of a girl

ON DUTY

Many years ago an old aunt of mine was discussing another elderly relative with my mother, and she remarked: "Dear Sarah always believes in telling the truth to other people, but dear Sarah does not like to hear the truth any more than anyone else."

To-day I feel rather like dear Sarah. I have an urge to tell the truth, but no particular wish to hear it. I feel it would be fun to go into one or two shops I know of where the assistants are peculiarly disagreeable, and say to each one in turn: "You wear a very sour expression, and your manners are abominable. I like to think that after the war you will get the sack as quickly as possible." I would like to stand right in front of a taxi while it is trying to ignore me with the flag up, and tell the driver precisely what I think of him; and with one exception, I would like to tell every commissionaire outside every cinema in London that their manners are worthy of any Nazi official.

However, none of this gets us anywhere, so instead I will give you a few home truths on the subject of good looks.

Jane Gordon

SUMMER sunshine certainly does things to your hair, and if you want to know whether it is going to flatter you or insult you, take your hand-mirror to a good light and examine yourself carefully. Will the sun make your hair gleam like satin, bring out the high lights, and show it to be as soft as silk, or will the sunshine show up a tendency to dandruff and draw attention in a most embarrassing way to dark roots? Even the best shampoo and the brightest brightening rinse cannot make ill-conditioned hair gleam.

Hair is a great barometer of health, and if your hair is coming out all over your hair-brush and your fine comb shows signs of dandruff or you begin to notice grey hairs before you are forty, don't pin your faith on a brightening rinse, but discover what is wrong with your health and get your doctor to give you the correct treatment. Remember that there may be a septic focus in your teeth and that you cannot be at the top of your form if your mouth is out of condition.

Shampoo your hair with your favourite shampoo. Do it once a week and combine the shampoo with seven rinsing waters, no less. You will be astonished at the clean results you get from the seven rinses in clear water. If your hair is bleached, permed or tinted, use brilliantine. There is a new one on the market which is neither heavy nor greasy and smells pleasantly of lavender and rosemary. The price is 1s. 6d. for a 2-oz. bottle and 3s. for a 4-oz. bottle.

So few women realise that it is necessary, when bleaching, tinting or perming the hair, to remove the natural oil from the hair, otherwise the bleach, tint or perm will not "take," so that unless you apply brilliantine afterwards the hair is bound to be left dried-out and harsh.

Summer sunshine is the best "brightening rinse" in the world for real blondes, as it actually acts as a bleaching agent to the hair, just as it does for household linen or coloured materials. Fair-haired girls who work indoors or have to wear a hat or cap are apt to find their hair growing darker. It is a great mistake to start on a brightening rinse when summer sunshine will do the job much better.

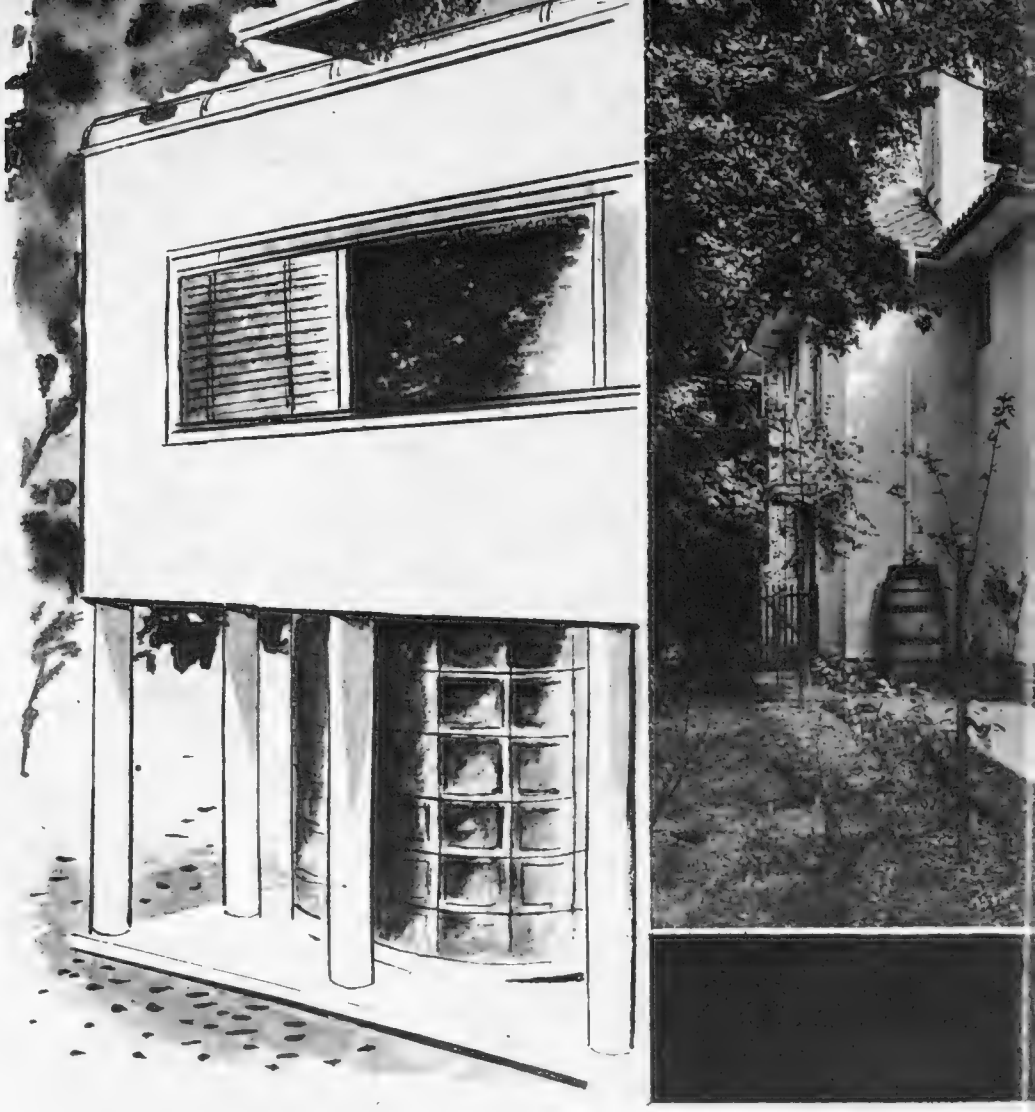
AND OFF

CONSIDERING the trouble most women take to make themselves attractive, it is amazing how little they know about themselves or the cosmetics they use. Even the most sophisticated woman will smear on a layer of tissue cream before she goes to bed at night, leaving a slight film on top of the skin in the happy belief that while she sleeps the cream is busily employed filling out hollows and smoothing out wrinkles. It's time that women got wise to themselves and their cosmetics, and the truth of the matter is this: there is no skin-food, tissue cream or grease of any kind which will sink through the skin all by itself and produce a pad of fat or build up tissue. All that any cream can do is to act as a substitute for the natural oil which is secreted in the skin, and in this way a cream can make a rough skin smooth or a dry skin supple. You can fill hollows, smooth out incipient lines and tone up the facial contour by massage, exercises or electrical treatment. None of these produce a layer of fat, but they do tone up the muscles and stimulate the blood supply to the part treated.

A lot of confusion would be saved after the war if we followed America's example and brought in a law forbidding any preparation to be labelled in such a way as to give a false impression to the purchaser. In America, if a cream is claimed to be a bleaching cream, by law it has to contain a preparation which bleaches; or if any cream is labelled as an anti-wrinkle cream, it must remove wrinkles. Suppose it claims to remove them in three days: then it has got to do so. When a label states in America that the preparation contains any particular ingredient such as almond oil, vitamins or hormones, the manufacturer must prove to the authorities that this is so. No American woman can buy an anti-wrinkle cream, because there is no such thing as a cream which will remove wrinkles.

Certain types of face-cream are more easily absorbed by the skin than others, but if you want to give your face a good treatment, it is absolutely essential to combine skin-food or tissue cream with massage, because it is the massage, not the cream, which works on the muscles and increases the blood supply to the part you are treating. (*Continued on page 58*)

THERE'S A FUTURE IN IT . . .



A FEW more articles in the Press about the home of the future and the women of the present are going to say, "Let 's, for goodness' sake, see something accomplished! A little less talk and little more realism."

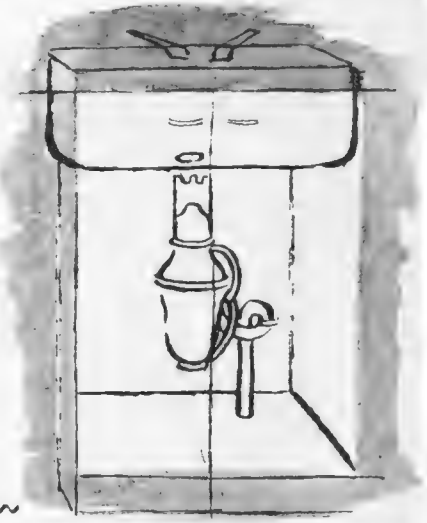
This is fair enough. Prophecies and promises are well enough in their way, but accomplished facts are far more satisfying to the woman who, in the midst of prophetic publicity for the Home of Ease, is still struggling along in the old hard way.

The war and the insistent demands of war industries make it impossible to start building in a big way. But it is satisfying to know that plans and theories are being put into realistic shape in many parts of the country, and under the guidance of many fine brains.

Glasgow, Edinburgh and Coventry have completed houses which are a sign and a promise of things to come. In these, as well as others, theories are being put to the test. Equipment which is the result of months, and even years, of experiment on the part of manufacturers is having its trial run.

Housing reformers, architects and industrialists are moving on from the stage of discussion to practical experiment. Most of the houses so far erected are of the type planned for mass production, but they serve as an experimental ground for all those features of design and equipment which we are promised in the house of more individual pattern.

Insulation, for one thing, has a big future in domestic architecture. Insulation in the new houses makes rooms warmer in winter and cooler in summer. This in itself will ensure a substantial reduction in fuel consumption. Inter-room noises and neighbour noises are also considerably reduced. Experiment in insulation has been tried and proved by the manufacturers of fibre-boarding. This is not a promise but a fact.



The disposal of garbage by electric control has been introduced to American kitchens, and may easily come to our own when conditions allow such luxuries again. At a special outlet from the sink the garbage is reduced in a kind of mixer, and is carried away with ease and perfect cleanliness.

The two-purpose apartments promise to keep their popularity in the small house of the future. Versions of the dining alcove are many. This shows a low, curved and painted wood partition, lined with cupboards, which separates the diner, with its built-in seats, from the main part of the lounge.

A big future for glass has already begun. Toughened glass was in its infancy before the war, but more recent practice has improved its quality to such a point that we can look confidently for the lavish use of glass which is durable and beautiful to see.

Glass bricks and tiles make the new houses into sun-traps. Unbreakable glass surfaces can be used wherever coolness and easy-cleaning conditions are most needed. Unbreakable glass cooking utensils look like supplanting the older metal types to a very great extent.

The future for plastics is almost too promising to be true, and yet it is so. In this sphere, more than in most, theories have been supplanted by accomplished facts. It is no secret

PROMISES OF IMPROVEMENT FOR THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE HAVE BEEN MANY AND TANTALISING, BUT THERE ARE UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS TO-DAY THAT A NUMBER OF THESE PROPHECIES ARE APPROACHING FULFILMENT.

that some of the greatest of our synthetic silk-makers have been working miracles in the manufacture of plastics for the war effort. All the great resources of these important plants are at the disposal of the home when war no longer calls for all its energies.

Permanent, washable wall-coverings, table-tops, trays and shelves, skirtings, tiles, window-sills and architraves—all unbreakable, heat-resisting and lower in cost than those of former pattern—are already available to the public.

Many more both decorative and practical uses for this magic material are lined up in instant readiness for the demands of the future.

Paint prospects are worth a mention too. For exterior use we have the promise of paints which fade less and show a much higher resistance to weather conditions.

Experiments are going ahead with the purpose of taking the smell out of new paintwork. That is to say, when your home is redecorated after the war, you won't be obliged to endure the discomfort of a "painty" odour for several days after the work is done. It is even suggested that some paints of the future may have substantial insulating properties, but this, so far, is just a prophecy and not a fact.

The old bogy of floor-scrubbing and polishing would really seem to have departed with the introduction of plastic flooring. This permanent coloured medium is laid at the time of building. It resembles linoleum in appearance, but is soft to the tread and sound-proof. Latest experiments promise the inclusion of insulating properties among its other virtues. The plastic floor surface is easily washed.

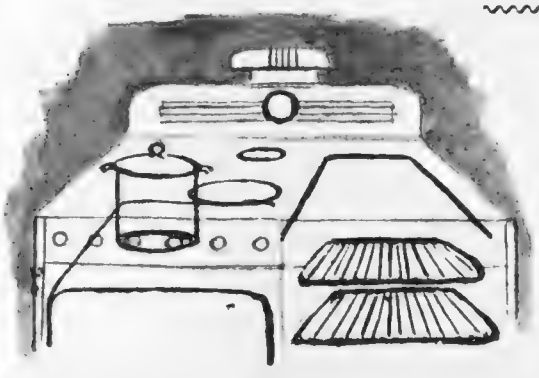
Kitchens, as one might expect, have the biggest future of all. Architects with ideas have hitherto been cramped in the execution of them by the fact that there has previously been very little manufacture, on a large scale, of equipment which is essential to the perfect kitchen.

Standardised fittings—that is to say, sinks, cupboards, cooking-stoves, refrigerators, fixed furniture—are to be turned out in such numbers that the price will be within the reach of most homes. An important movement like this is a sufficient challenge to the designers to show that their invention is equal to manufacturers' resources.

Already their ideas are flowing. Kitchen space, they say, is to be increased to make the workshop of the house a comfortable, as well as a scientific, job. Cooking apparatus, so cleverly insulated that fumes and smells are never allowed to escape, have been produced in America and can be repeated here. Metal sinks are cheaper and better than they were. Taps are operated by a pedal or a push-control at the front of the sink. Every kitchen wall—even the plainest—is lined with cupboards. But, on the whole, there is very little real cause for impatience or disbelief about the home of to-morrow. The talk has changed to work and, with peace permitting, our comfortable future is assured.

WINIFRED LEWIS.

Doors which slide into the wall save both floor and wall space in the smaller house. In this case, the lounge and dining-room are separated by a disappearing door which, when open, converts the two rooms into one. Similar doors are being used to divide sitting-room and terrace, or lounge halls from sitting-rooms.



The newest American cooker can be taken as a guide to what our own makers will devise for easy cooking after the war. This model has a transparent oven door, an automatic oven timer which shuts off the heat at a set time, automatic sliding oven shelves, lit from inside, a two-speed grill, a non-glare lamp overall.

DARK RIBBONS

THREAD PRIMLY THROUGH A LACY PASTEL HAND-KNIT

MATERIALS

6 ozs. Sirdar Super Shetland 2-ply; No. 6 and No. 11 needles; 2 yards ribbon; 4 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. and 8 rows to 1 in.

THE FRONT

Cast on 118 st. with No. 6 needles. Work the following pattern:

1st row.—P. 2 * (k. 1, winding the wool twice round the needle), twice, p. 2; repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—K. 2 * wl. fwd., sl. 2 purlwise, dropping the extra loops made in previous row, k. 2; repeat from * to end.

3rd row.—* P. 2, wool back, sl. 2 purlwise; repeat from * to the last 2 st. P. 2.

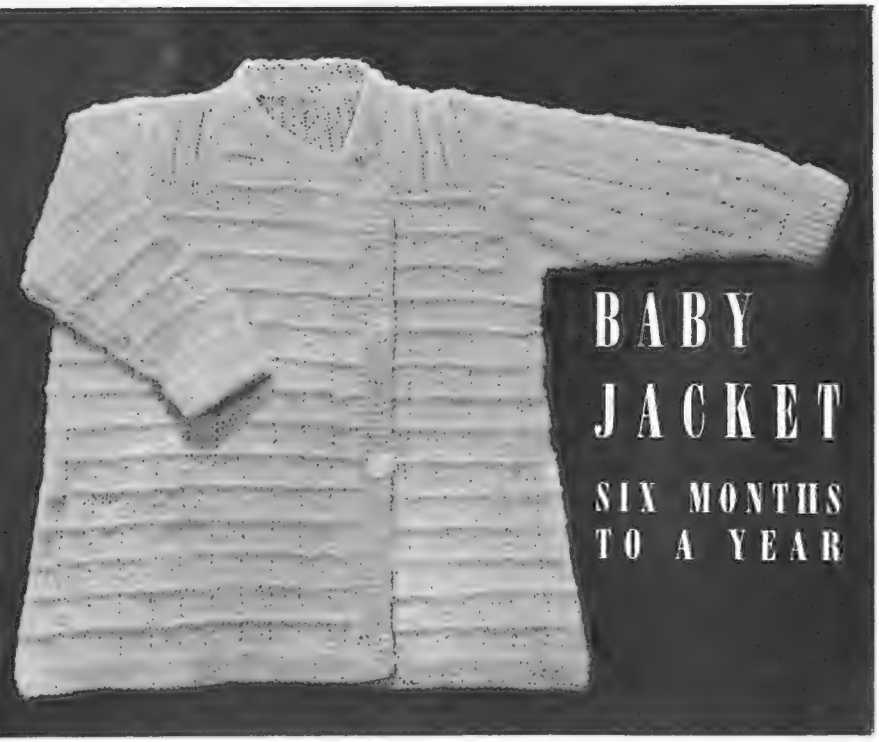
4th row.—* K. 2 tog., wl. fwd. and round right needle, sl. 2 purlwise; repeat from * to the last 2 st. K. 2.

5th row.—P. 2 * wl. back, sl. 2 purlwise, k. 1, pass the 2 slipped st. over the k. 1 back on to the left-hand needle, and k. 2 tog. through the back of the loops, p. 1; repeat from * to the end. (Number of st. is now less.)

6th row.—K. 1, * p. 2, k. twice into the next st. (by working into the front and back of st.); repeat from * to the last st., k. 1. (Number of st. as before.)

(*Continued on page 66*)

ABREVIATIONS.—K.=knit; P.=purl; M.=make; Sl.=slip; St.=stitch or stitches; Tog.=together; Beg.=beginning; Wl. fwd.=Wool forward.



BABY JACKET

SIX MONTHS TO A YEAR

MATERIALS

3½ ozs. "Emu" 3-ply unshrinkable vest wool; 3 buttons; No. 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round chest, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 7 ins.; length, 13 ins.

TENSION

8 st. and 11 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 96 st. Work all k. for 8 rows. Now change to following pattern:

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 4; repeat from * ending k. 1. Repeat these 2 rows twice more, then first row once again.

8th row.—K.

Repeat these 8 rows, and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every 12th row (keeping pattern in checks in spite of this) until there are 80 st. Work a few rows to make work 10 in. up centre. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 56 st. Work straight for an inch. Now change to k. 2, p. 2 rib, and work straight until armholes are 4½ ins. round curve. Cast off 5 st. at beg. of every row 6 times, leaving 26 st. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 67 st. Work all k. for 8 rows. Change to the pattern, but keep 6 st. at right edge of work always k., and k. 2 tog. at other edge (armhole) on every 12th row until there are 5 ins. worked. It is now time to work a buttonhole. Starting at k. edge, k. 2 st., cast off 2, continue to end of row.

Next row.—Work up to casting-off, turn, cast on 2 st., turn, work to end.

Work another buttonhole after 3 ins. (decreasing every 12th row until there are 8 decreases made). Now work straight until side seam equals that of back (same number of squares). Now k. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row until there are 12 decreases. Work an inch straight. Now work k. 2, p. 2 rib on 16 st. at the shoulder, and as before on other st., until armholes are 2½ ins. round curve (only a few rows). Now cast off 16 st. at border edge. K. 2 tog. next this casting-off, on every row until there are 15 st. Work a row or so to make armholes 4½ ins. round curve. Cast off 5 st. at armhole edge on every other row 3 times. (Third buttonhole is made when sewing on neckband.)

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 42 st. Work all k. for 8 rows. Change to the pattern, but keep 6 st. left edge of work

(*Continued on page 66*)

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP, EDITOR WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

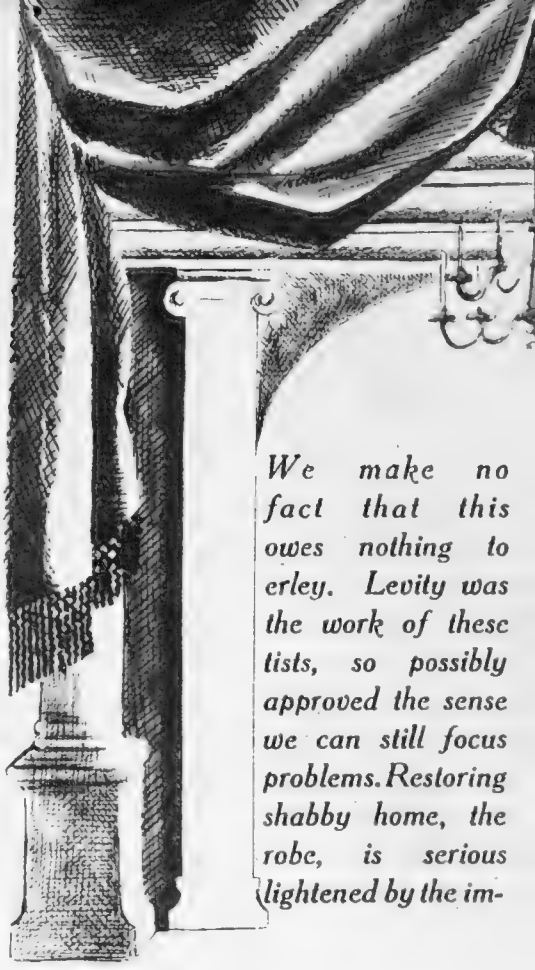
TEA IN THE GARDEN...

In a basic summer dress of pale olive-green linweave, crisp and definite, styled with assurance, knowledgeably detailed. (Rembrandt Utility, 53s. 7d., in various sizes and colours, at Bourne and Hollingsworth, London, for personal shoppers.)

In a slick, button-through grey rayon pinafore-frock, to wear, as drawn, over a blouse ; or, with the skirt unbuttoned, over a frock, as a sleeveless coat. The high neck, too, unbuttons, to adapt to the throat-line of the blouse or dress beneath. (Trilnick Utility, about 30s. and six coupons, or in woollen, about 40s. and eight coupons, from Harrods, Simpson's, Bentalls' of Kingston and leading provincial shops.)

In a good-looking sun-top and shorts-skirt, made over from one of those sleeveless, V-necked, tennis action-frocks of way back. The shorts are just cut off at the waist, opened at one side and fixed with buttons. The top, which could be cut from a similar nightdress pattern, has wide shoulder-straps, enabling it to be worn over a bras. if necessary.

In another way-back dress, unbelievably smartened by a gay side-buttoning jerkin made from the best parts of striped chintz—or flowered would be equally attractive—which used to be the bathroom curtains.



We make no fact that this owes nothing to erley. Levity was the work of these tists, so possibly approved the sense we can still focus problems. Restoring shabby home, the robe, is serious lightened by the im-

Restoration

THE WAY OF THE WORLD —that is to say, of the woman's world— is to say, "How am I going on living with such shabby curtains and dirty upholstery? Is there nothing I can do?"

There is, of course, though new make-shift curtains and washed-up chairs may not have the glamour one would prefer. But still, odd lengths of different-coloured material can be coaxed into new curtains by joining them in strips, rainbow style, or in squares and diamonds like a patch-work quilt. Even black-out cloth looks amusing with a surface trim of thick, coloured cord, looped through large curtain rings sewn to the cloth.

Carpet-soap cleans dirty chairs and settees. Scrub the upholstered surface with a soft nail-brush. Make a lather without too much water and rinse it off carefully without letting the water soak through the fabric. Dab with a damp, clean cloth and dry the chair before an open window.

THE MOURNING BRIDE of 1697 was a prophetic shadow of every wartime bride who, to-day, mourns the fact that her trousseau has to be a compromise between romance and make-do-and-mend. To-day's bride, realising that mourning is unprofitable, turns her old clothes into new with a smile, remembering that when cleaning off spots from a garment it is better to use a piece of material the same colour as the garment for rubbing; that pressing with a damp cloth restores shape, and that a little ammonia and water does away with shine.

Stained and shabby brown shoes can be turned into black if the surface is first rubbed over with a cut potato before an ordinary black polish is applied. Last year's white straw hat can be bleached with a little undiluted peroxide. Rinse carefully with cold water, using the smallest possible amount of liquid so as to preserve the shape. Dry out of doors and press the brim into shape with a hottish iron. Shiny suède shoes can be scrubbed with soap and water, dried and restored to order with a wire brush or fine emery cloth.

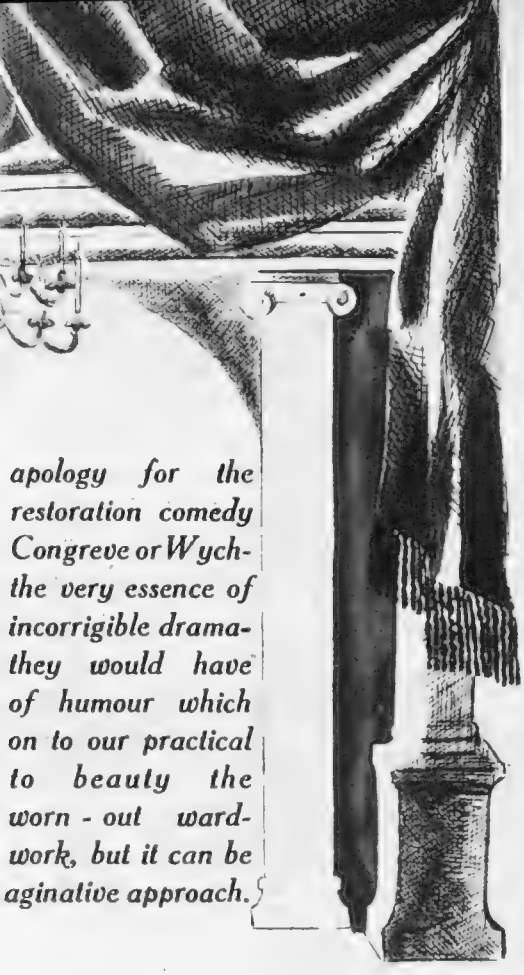
LES FEMMES SAVANTES are a new race of wise women who cosset precious household linen with daily care. They make all repairs before linen is sent to the wash, and check over potential damage with a view to preventing it. They make tape loops at the corners of towels to hang them by so that corners are undamaged. They never use a piece of new fabric to patch old linen. Worn edges of tablecloths are trimmed off. This has the double advantage of changing the fold and shifting the centre of wear. The edges of torn sheets are trimmed in the same way, and old ones used to add a new false hem.

Thin tea-cloths are machined together in pairs. Small holes in towels, tablecloths, pillow-cases and sheets are neatly darned on the sewing-machine by running backwards and forwards across the worn area with the foot up instead of down.

To prevent skirts from bagging at the seat, and to cure one that has already begun to go that way, let out the side seams as much as turnings allow. Press firmly with a hot iron and a damp cloth to shrink.

Dress shields, which are very difficult to buy now, can be made at home by soaking a piece of cloth in a solution made with alum. Dry and press the treated fabric and make your own shields.

Frayed carpet edges can be turned under and successfully hid from view. Baste down with a wide tape or a carpet braid which can be bought at the draper's.



apology for the restoration comedy Congreve or Wych- the very essence of incorrigible drama- they would have of humour which on to our practical to beauty the worn - out ward- work, but it can be aginative approach.

THE COUNTRY WIFE knows a number of things about which the Town wife is ignorant, including how to remake a feather pillow. If the pillow is very dirty or has been in contact with infectious illness, she washes the feathers in the old case before transferring them to a new one. The pillow is squeezed gently in plenty of warm, soapy water; rinsed in several lots of clean and hung up by one corner in a windy spot.

When the feathers are quite dry and ready for use again, take the new case, with an opening at the top about 10 in. long. Open the top of the old case the same distance and sew the two openings together. Shake the feathers through into the new case, which has first been carefully rubbed over on the inside with a candle, and run a tacking thread below the opening to keep it closed. Now remove the old cover and oversew the new top. Shake well and leave in a warm spot away from the fire to fluff the feathers.

Comedy

THE PROVOK'D WIFE may be restored to better temper by the discovery that loose cretonne covers can be washed without the colours fading. Soak the covers first in water to which a half pound of salt has been added to each two gallons. Afterwards, wash swiftly in warm suds. Rinse in cold with one tablespoonful of salt and one of vinegar to each gallon of water. Dry quickly. If possible, in the wind.

Soiled lambskin rugs can also be washed without injury to the skin. Treat the rug as a woollen, by kneading gently in a large tub of warm, soapy water. Rinse in a second water to which a little soap has again been added. Rub surface with a cloth to remove surplus moisture and hang the rug out to dry. Shake frequently.

L'ECOLE DES FEMMES. All the world is a school for the housewife of to-day who is as anxious to learn as she is ready to experiment. Ministerial leaflets are worth watching for practical and proved restoration hints. For instance, the latest Board of Trade pamphlet tells, with much other factual material, how to clear a stopped-up sink. Place a pail under the screw cap of the U-bend, and undo the cap with a strong bar. If the pipe is still blocked after the water has come out, push a flexible stick through the pipe from the open end of the trap on both sides. Unscrewing the cap too frequently wears the thread of the screw, so keep the sink outlet unblocked by flushing the pipe at regular intervals with a handful of soda and a kettle of boiling water. Ask your Citizen's Advice Bureaux where to obtain other helpful Ministerial leaflets.

Light-weight rugs which have taken to curling up at the edges should be thoroughly damped with water at the back, then pinned flat to the floor for drying.

Leaking enamel jugs and basins can be stopped. Clean around the hole and drop hot sealing-wax on the place. Press it flat with the finger while still hot.

A small tear in any cotton or woollen garment can be invisibly mended by cutting two lengths of adhesive tape slightly longer than the tear. Trim the edges of the tear first and arrange the tape underneath, with the torn edges together. Press flat with a hot iron.

BEWARE LONG, UNTIDY HAIR
HAVE ONLY ESSENTIAL PRIVATE CALLS
TALK, BUT NOT WHEN OTHERS HAVE TO WORK
KEEP PARTY DRESSES AWAY FROM THE OFFICE
STICK TO OFFICE HOURS
DON'T BRING YOUR PRIVATE LIFE TO WORK

AMATEUR IN A JOB

THE amateur stage, in almost any connection, is not a flattering one. At the best it is trying to self-confidence and a bit shattering to poise, but to be an amateur at a job which also happens to be connected with a weekly pay packet is the worst of all. In fact, it can be quite frightening.

Just now there are a great many amateurs of this kind. Girls to whom a job in a factory would have been as feasible as a job on Mars and much older women who never thought to encounter the hurly-burly of the working world again are faced with the reality of doing an allotted task and liking it.

This is one of the first things to do about a job of any kind—get to like it. Whether or not it happens to be the kind of employment you would choose or the kind that somebody else has chosen without reference to your particular preferences, you must either enjoy it or enter upon a life of frustration both for yourself and your employer.

A great many of the jobs women are doing now will not outlast the war. Therefore it is tempting to think of them as temporary, unconnected with the future and not really worthy of your best efforts; but this isn't good sense.

You have to like a job to do it well, and achievement, at practically anything, is both rewarding and gratifying.

Throwing off the amateur status at a job is a matter of organising and watching points. Starting out in employment calls for personal changes in outlook, routine, dress, behaviour.

The new worker must face the fact that she has entered a new world which will not, and cannot, be made to fit in with former habits.

Whether she likes it or not, she has to plan her private life around her job. Not vice versa.

You cannot, for instance, go on without a strict routine, once you are tied to office or factory hours. You cannot stay in bed that extra ten minutes and appear on the job well groomed and competent.

You cannot wear the same sort of clothes as before. Neither can you blossom out in an entirely new wardrobe for a new working life in these times, but you can, in future, buy all your clothes with an eye to the fact that working hours make the greatest demands upon your clothes.

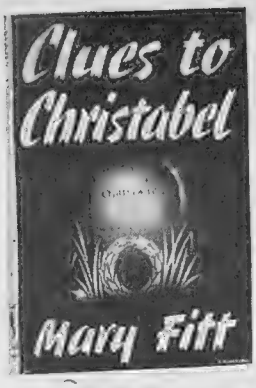
You cannot wear sheer chiffon blouses in the office even if you are going on to a celebration afterwards. Neither can you wear slacks and a sweater and look like a woman who studies her job (slacks pass for factory wear, of course). Ostentatious jewellery and too glamorous hair styles are equally wrong. It isn't that there is anything tangibly wrong with these things: it is that they stamp you as an amateur.

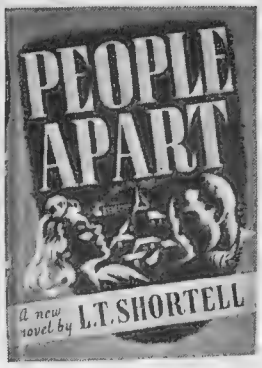
To please your employer and lose your amateur status in the shortest possible time, study his needs and appreciate his point of view.

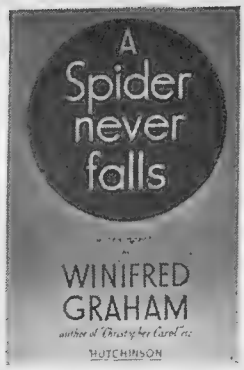
You save a lot of floundering in the early days of a new job by listening and watching attentively. If instructions are not quite clear, ask for them again. Most employers prefer this to a muddling effort at completing a task not properly understood.

Happiness and success in a job will depend upon health and the ability to be alert and vital. It is sound policy to strive for regular meals and regular sleeping hours, a good walk in the morning and another on the way home, with some good outdoor relaxation at the week-end.

An amateur is merely inexperienced and, beyond that, only at a disadvantage if she is unprepared to learn and adapt and absorb the new way of life with good humour and good heart.







Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

IT is opportune of Mr. Harold Nicolson to reissue his diary of the Versailles Peace Conference with the implied comment: "*Now* will you sit up and take notice, after a Second German War?" What lessons can we poor deluded commoners learn from it to-day? In a new introduction to "Peace Making, 1919" (Constable, 10s.) he submits twelve: Those desiring peace must first understand the causes of war; after a long war it is impossible to make a quick peace; the victorious Powers must agree on the *means* of securing their general aims and principles; peace must be founded on realities rather than hopes; no treaty regarded as unalterable can survive; a Coalition cannot permit individual members to conclude separate agreements inimical to its common principles; no single theory of settlement should take precedence over others; the enemy must be left in no doubt as to surrender-terms; the Conference must be directed by the Great Powers, work to an agreed programme, and not be held in a war area; negotiators must be representative, possessing not only war but the post-war minds.

I would add to this last point that the German leaders should be made to face up to the ruin they have wrought, and not—as before—be permitted to hand over to tame "democratic" stooges specially chosen to carry the Peace baby while their masters fade into obscurity to beget another monstrous little Mars. I could, in fact, add quite a lot to Mr. Nicolson's tentative dozen, but at least they make a reasonable agenda, and the diary itself, though "written with the limited vision of a junior official," abounds in wise slants and warnings.

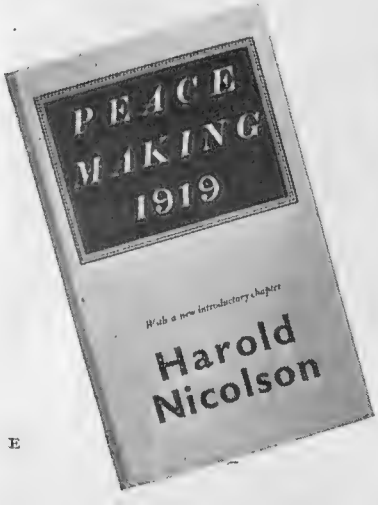
Another significant diary is Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin's recording her South African reactions to events of the first year of the war. In "World Blackout" (Faber, 15s.) she is angry about certain statesmen, including Chamberlain, but deeply impressed by Churchill, whose "We shall fight on the beaches" speech she calls "the greatest I have read." Since she understood Russia's pact with Germany at a difficult time, it is a pity she cannot be kinder to the Umbrella Man who had to expiate his (and our) political apathy by humbling himself before the Hitler gang at its noisiest—thereby giving us a precious year for preparation—and then die (Lady Oxford disclosed) of a broken heart. But she admires Smuts, who told her, in one of their many talks: "You cannot defeat the English because their hearts are too strong." Hers is a lively if impulsive mind; she gives us shrewd comment on South African affairs, and a valuable perspective of that first year as viewed from a distant window. The book shows how deeply absorbed South Africans are in world events, and how indispensable are their judgments.

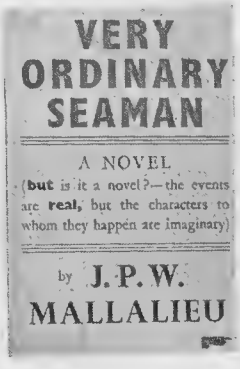
Action Stations!

"YOU may think that sailors are always what they seem to be when they're ashore, carefree, happy-go-lucky, and clean. But at sea they are dirty, unromantic, and damp." That is the point of Mr. J. P. W. Mallalieu's **"Very Ordinary Seaman"** (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.) which presents Robert Williams, ex-journalist, who trains as a recruit, then joins a gun-crew in the destroyer *Marsden*, first on anti-submarine patrol off Iceland, next as escort to the largest convoy ever sent to Murmansk. It is a chronicle of the humours—and blasphemies—of barrack life; the hardships of Arctic voyaging, which entails the wearing of three jerseys under duffel-coat and three pairs of gloves; the hell of a battle with enemy destroyers and torpedo bombers in which a freighter is set on fire, an ammo. ship blows up, and a U-boat is shattered by depth-charges, with another bitter fight on the homeward run for makeweight. "This," he virtually says, "is what life and death in the Navy are like; sorry I can't pretty 'em up for you." His vivid picture has the realism of Noel Coward's film *In Which We Serve*, and I imagine that Navy men who have themselves been on the Murmansk run will vote it "the real thing."

PUBLISHERS assume that most fiction readers do not care for collections of short stories, though O. Henry, Tchekov, Kipling, Wells, Stacy Aumonier, and others seem to have thrived on the disbelief. I happen to enjoy them, marvelling at the varying plots and situations, wondering what was the germ of each idea. (Thomas Burke told me that he invariably saw the ending and built up to that.) A distinguished bag—some in the episodic Katherine Mansfield tradition, though not imitatively so—is **"The Long Ago and Other Stories"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) by Miss Mary Lavin, whose "Tales from Bective Bridge" won the James Tait Black Prize, 1943. All excel in good writing and character rather than plot, of which there is little. The title-story is a study of three women who were girls together, and the psychological effect of the marriages of the other two on the jilted spinster. "The Will" portrays a poor relation who is left out of her mother's will and patronized by the rest of the family. "A Cup of Tea" shows the effect of a querulous mother on a studious daughter and her reaction to parental discord. Slight, but original and penetrating work of a sensitive feminine quality.

MR. JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS admits that his novel, "Gremlins in the Cabbage Patch" (Hurst & Blackett, 7s. 6d.) is not the kind he would dedicate to "my great Uncle and Aunt, Canon and Mrs. Waite." He seems to write his stories in the mood: "To hell with the war, let's go (*Continued on page* 60)




VERY ORDINARY SEAMAN
A NOVEL
(but is it a novel?—the events are real, but the characters to whom they happen are imaginary)
by J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Keeping the Home Front Fit

The Rest House Service for Civil Defence Workers

By Wilma Buckley

IN spite of first, second and any possible number of other fronts, our own Home Front continues to need intelligent handling as well as material support.

Since war is not—and has never been—one continuous, unbroken stretch of heroic action but consists (as we all know only too well) of patches of activity interspersed with frankly irksome periods of waiting for the next round, Home Front participants may be compared to lengths of elastic: suddenly stretched to their fullest expansion, almost to snapping point, and as suddenly released into limpness. Such alternations of tension and slackness are hard on the nerves; hard, particularly, on Civil Defence personnel whose work, in the very nature of things, consists of ceaseless "standing-by" sandwiched with violent bouts of action under fire.

Wardens, members of the National Fire Service, ambulance drivers—to mention only a few—are in many instances helped to withstand the friction of their on-again, off-again routine, in spite of wear and tear and the passage of time (none of us grow any younger), by the organization known as the Civil Defence Workers' Health Department. Realizing the value of warding off illness and breakdowns by real physical and mental rest at the psychological moment, the organizers of this scheme have evolved an unusually well-worked-out rest house service to that end.

A woman's idea in the first place, the department is sympathetically directed by women, with Lord Horder as chairman, and has nothing coldly institutional or red-tape-ridden about it. Mrs. Joan Woollcombe is the director, and the Hon. Kathleen Smith, J.P., deputy director. Thirteen fine country houses (none of them in a prohibited area) have been generously lent by their owners as rest houses for Civil Defence workers who are run-down or overstrained, the owners, in some instances, living there themselves, helping to entertain their guests. "Guests" is the operative word, the atmosphere being that of a stay in somebody's comfortable home, what few rules there are being merely those which are necessary to the smooth running of any large household. One is free to do as one likes, free to laze about in the gardens, to go off for the day on one's own (provided with sandwiches in lieu of lunch), to spend time entirely as one wishes.

Freedom from housekeeping and all domestic duties spells the most genuine rest of all to the Civil Defence worker who is a tired housewife as well; visitors to these rest houses are looked after and waited on by Red Cross members and volunteers and the only "chore" expected of them is making their own beds—which one would do, anyway, when staying in any household to-day. Should any one feel a good-neighbourly urge to help with domestic duties, he or she is, of course, welcome to do so; there are all sorts of useful jobs out of doors as well: cutting wood, helping with local farm-work, gardening, mowing the lawn and so on, but always the emphasis lies on employing one's time only as one feels inclined.

Each rest house is under the care of a woman specially chosen to be Warden-in-charge by virtue of having a pleasantly tactful nature and an understanding of human beings. This Warden arranges walking and sightseeing expeditions in the neighbourhood for those who enjoy "rubbernecking" (this applies particularly to Queensmead, near Windsor); helps to plan evening entertainments—Brains Trust parties, billiards, darts, table-tennis—and outdoor amusements such as fishing, boating, croquet and bowls, and looks after every one's comfort in general. While on the subject of comfort, it is worth mentioning that four good meals a day are provided!

Recuperative rest, the keynote of this scheme, requires peace of mind above all else. Here in this rest house service lies the answer to worry and fret about money problems, since everything is free—including the railway fare, should any one be particularly hard up. Nor need the proudest feel a breath of that much abused word "charity" blowing coldly on their feelings, as those who can and want to may make whatever contribution they think fit towards the organization.

Peace of mind as regards one's nearest and dearest is catered for too: a husband or wife who does not happen to be in Civil Defence and who would be left alone (and lonely) may come and stay in the rest house as well.

Lots of people get tired of pottering about after a day or two, pleasant as it may be, at first, to find oneself with nothing to do by way of a change. One of the principles of recuperative rest is that of keeping the mind agreeably occupied—what is rather ponderously and technically called (*Continued on page* 66)

In the gardens at Queensmead, a Rest House near Windsor, where London Civil Defence workers recuperate

These workers on the Home Front were heading for illness. The Rest House Service saves many a breakdown

Sitting in the sun with nothing to worry about—a good prescription provided by the Rest House Service for overstrain

John has a game of billiards after supper—he finds several men of his own age recuperating at this Rest House with him

Other People's Preserves

Women everywhere have begun to exchange tips and recipes about preserving. Other people's experiments are worth noting, so we have collected some proved successes for assistance in the fruitful months ahead

JULY: Check over bottling apparatus and lay in a new stock of rubber bands for preserving jars.

Soak rubber rings in warm water until they are soft and pliable before using them. Faulty sealing is much less likely to occur when this is done.

It is bad policy to grudge a little extra time spent on carefully grading fruit for size and ripeness before bottling. Fruit of uniform size cooks evenly. Segregate the slightly under-ripe fruit and give it a little more cooking for perfect results.

Gooseberries, raspberries, rhubarb and strawberries should be raised to 165 degrees Fahrenheit and maintained at this temperature for ten minutes. Cherries should be brought to 190 degrees and maintained for ten minutes. Raise the temperature to this point very gradually.

AUGUST: Black currants, red currants, plums and early apples are in full swing this month. Pick the fruit fully, but not over-ripe, and preserve as soon as possible after picking, as vitamin wastage begins immediately. Rinse the fruit in cold water after grading for size. Pack to the top of the jars and as tightly as possible, without breaking the fruit.

Plums should be raised to 165 degrees and kept at this temperature for twenty minutes. Apples to 175 degrees for ten minutes, and currants to 180 degrees for fifteen minutes.

Black currant purée—richest of all in vitamin value—can be stored for winter use this month. Wash and remove mouldy fruit. Stemming is unnecessary. Add half pint of water to each pound of berries and heat slowly over boiling water until the juice runs. Crush from time to time with a spoon. Turn the fruit into a jelly bag strung between the legs of an inverted chair and let the juice drip through. Squeeze, bring to the boil and turn into hot jars. Seal as for jam, then place jars in a sterilizer and completely cover with water. Bring slowly to 165 degrees Fahrenheit and keep there for half an hour.

SEPTEMBER: Tomatoes have defeated many of us in the last few years, but inquiries show that the simplest method of bottling in water is the best.

Wash and pack the tomatoes in the jars. Fill with cold water and seal. In a sterilizer they should be raised to 190 degrees and maintained at this level for thirty minutes.

When bottling in the oven, pack them in the jars and cook until the outer skin begins to split. Remove and pour boiling water on to the fruit, sealing immediately.

Rose hip syrup is very rich in the anti-infective vitamin C and can be preserved this month for winter use when it can be made into a sauce to serve with puddings or eaten with bread like jam.

Top and tail the hips and wash them. Put into a saucepan and add a half pint of boiling water to each pound of hips. Bring quickly to the boil and simmer until tender. Rub through a sieve, turn the purée back into the saucepan and add a half pound of sugar to each pound of pulp. Stir and simmer for another ten minutes. Pour into hot jars and seal as for jam.

Saint and

GOD and Devil, worshipped and hated throughout the ages . . . it is the sun about which we speak. And when it comes to beauty and health the sun is still a Jekyll and Hyde. In some instances the sun can rid your body of germs, in fact it is definitely a germ-killer. In other cases, the sun can give you skin-diseases and, by robbing the skin of its natural oils, cause deterioration of the tissues.

The majority of people in Great Britain love the sun because it is never too strong and always rather will o' the wisp, but you must know your own skin and its needs and follow these, rather than your inclinations.

If you forget wisdom, you may have the rampaging headache of sunstroke, the torture of sunburn or the sapping of your beauty. Use wisdom and the sun will bless your body with good health and with loveliness.

You may know all the answers to this bevy of questions that we have received from readers who want to know the best way to reap the sun's benefits and avoid its dangers. If not, we will send them to you in detail. Ask for the numbers that are your concern, and address your inquiries to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., London, W.1.

1 I have acne and have been told that the sunshine is good for acne. Is this true, and if so, what type of make-up should I use in the sunshine?

2 Does sunshine create vitamin D in our bodies, or does it just help us to get it out of the food we eat, and how should we sunbake in order to get the best effects on our health?

3 Is the sunshine good for my hair? It is dark and inclined to be greasy, but it has a few red lights in it and these seem to show up more in the summer.

4 Is the sunshine good for my hair? It is very fair and inclined to be dry. As the sun keeps it fair, I like to expose it, yet I do not want it to get too dry and brittle. What should I do?

5 I have red veins where I once had roses, being over thirty-eight, and have been told that the sunshine is helpful in disguising the veins, yet as my skin is rather dry and sensitive I don't know what to do about it. Can you give me any advice?

6 I always get a lot of colds in winter. Would it help if I tried to do a lot of sunbaking in the summer?

7 I want to do my sunbaking wisely. Would you give me a routine to follow, and can I get anything to help me tan quickly?

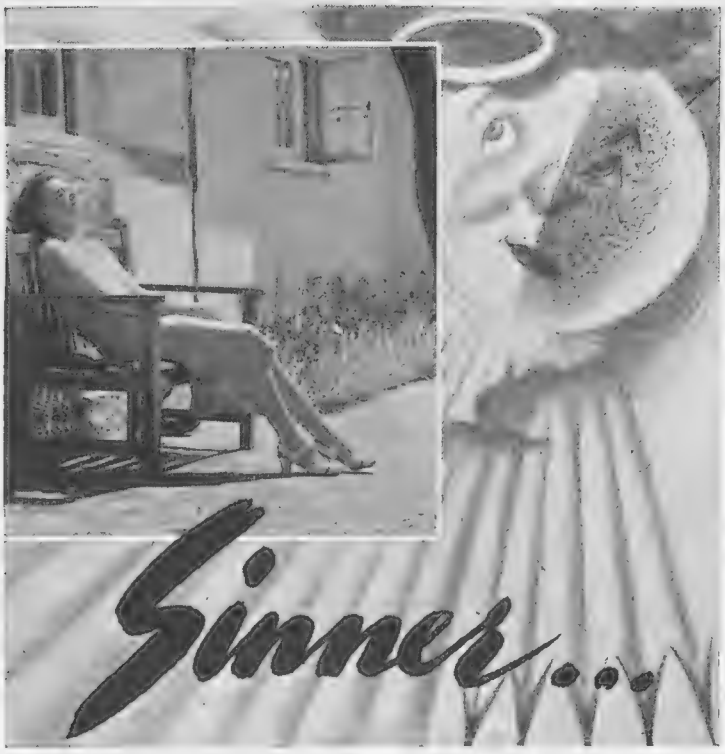
8 How can I tan my legs and yet wear a suntan make-up on them while doing so? Can you tell me if and where I can get some suntan make-up for my legs?

9 Is there any type of clothing that is advisable to wear for suntanning. I have been told that rayon is better than linen or cotton. Is this true, if so why?

10 I frequently have boils in the spring and want to know if I should avoid sunbaking or not? Will the sun overheat me and bring out boils again?

11 I like to have a fairly glamorous make-up when on holidays or outings. Can you tell me what type of make-up to wear that will let me get the best out of the sunshine, tan myself and yet look glamorous?

12 I can only get on to a city roof for my tanning. Is this as good as the countryside, or is it useless to try to get brown in the city?



13 I always find that my eyes get bloodshot in the summer and my forehead wrinkles a lot. Yet I want to lie in the sun as much as possible. What can I do about it?

14 I have a dry skin. What type of make-up can I wear to keep the sunshine from burning me? I go very red and sore and then do not tan at all. Is there any way in which my type of skin (very fair) can tan?

15 I freckle easily and want to know how to avoid getting a mass of freckles all over me when I sunbathe. If this is not possible, can I get any benefit out of the sun in any other way?

16 Does the sun make hair grow? I always seem to get a forest on my arms in the summer. The hairs are not noticeable at all in the winter?

17 Could you tell me how to diagnose sunstroke and what treatment to give for a slight attack?

18 What is the best soothing remedy for sunburn? I have a large family and someone is always in agony with sunburn during the summer holidays.

19 If one puts oils on the skin to help keep the sun from actually burning, do those oils make hair grow?

20 I always get a rash in the summer and understand that some skins cannot stand the sun and that the rash may be due to the sun. Is that so?

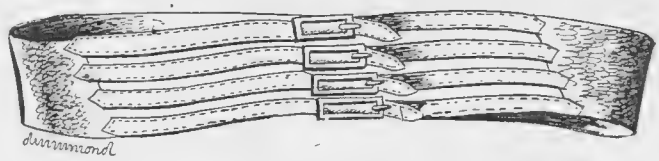
21 Although I am over forty-five, I do like to tan in the summer and think that it suits me, yet I have been told that it is beauty-murder for any one over thirty to tan their skin. Why?

22 My hair always goes completely hay-wire in the summer and I cannot manage it at all. Why is it? I have thick, strong hair, curly and rather dry.

23 I have a sensitive skin that goes beetroot red all over when I sunbathe. Yet I do want to get into the sunshine. What do you suggest I wear?

24 Does the sun make lines on your face? If so, why is it said to be good for you to get all the sun possible?

SLIM BELOW THE



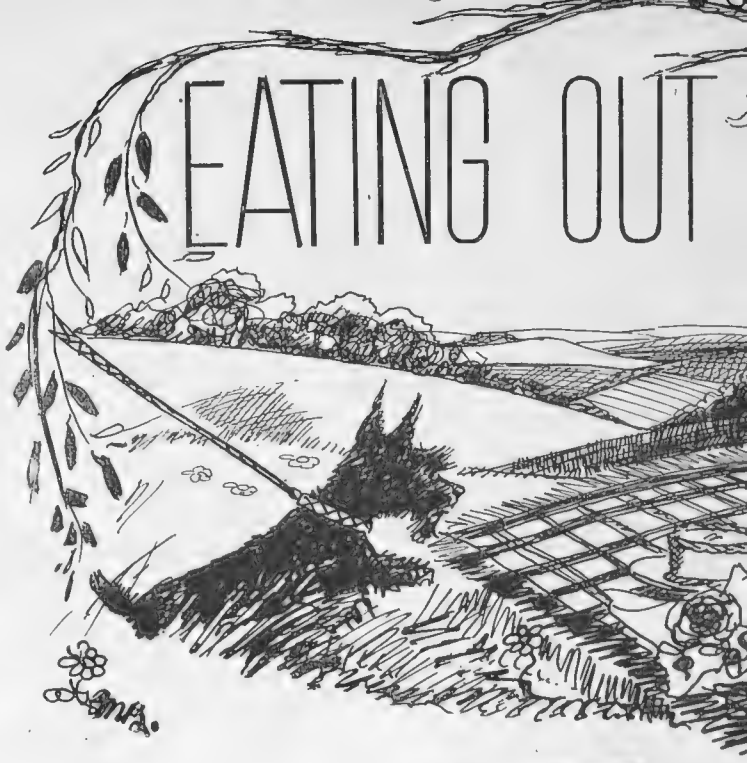
Stand firmly against a wall, feet together, hands by side. Rising on your right toes, lift your left leg, knee bent, toe pointed; grasp your left knee in both hands and draw the knee as close to your stomach and as high towards your bust as possible. Hold for a moment and then release. Repeat, raising right leg. Using alternate legs, repeat twenty times. This is for your thighs.

Lie on the floor, knees raised, feet together, hands down by side. Lift your hips from the floor so that your pelvis is held up firmly, making a 45 degree angle from your knees to your floor-touching shoulders. Lower. Repeat and when you are in the second, upheld, position swing your hips from side to side gently like a hammock, without straining any back muscles. This helps tail and waist.

Stand erect, knees straight. Lift right knee, right toe pointed, and with the knee as pivot, circle the leg outwards so that the whole of your right leg, from the knee, swings around, making a perfect circle. Then, with the right knee held still, circle the foot from the ankle. Repeat this circling of, first the leg and then the foot, with the other leg. Do this, with alternating legs, for 5 minutes. This is for legs and ankles.

Lie flat on the floor, hands by sides, feet together, toes pointed. Draw knees up on to your stomach, both together, and both held as close to the body as possible —shoot the legs out straight again but do not let the feet touch the floor, hold the legs straight, feet about five inches from the floor for a minute, and then draw them up again, with bent knees, on to the stomach. Repeat, keeping the feet off the floor all the time. This is for stomach and thighs.

Grand Picnic



GARLIC SAUSAGE RISSOLES

Melt ½ oz. of margarine in ½ cupful of milk; pour it, while still warm but not boiling, over 1½ cupfuls of flour mixed with a pinch of salt. Knead well, and roll out very thinly on a floured board. Cut into 2-in. squares. Place a small heap of chopped garlic sausage on each piece, fold the pastry cornerwise, stick the edges together by pressing firmly with damp fingers, and fry on both sides until golden brown.

FISHERMAN'S RELISH

In two cupfuls of water, boil one tablespoonful of chopped herbs (tarragon, sage, and parsley are the best) for 15 minutes. Strain, and mix with 1½ oz. of margarine in which 1½ dessertspoonfuls of flour have been browned. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time; add celery salt to taste, and finally 3-4 cupfuls of cooked, diced cod or other fish available. Eat with radishes or Portuguese rice.

PORTUGUESE RICE

Allowing ¼ of a cupful of uncooked rice per person, boil in plenty of salted water for 10 minutes. Strain, and wash by pouring a large saucepanful of cold water over it. Mix with half its cooked quantity of chopped tomatoes.

MEAT BALLS

Mix ½ lb. of sausage meat with 4 oz. of your meat ration (uncooked is preferable) and 1 rasher of bacon passed through the mincer with 1 onion and 1 dessertspoonful of mixed herbs. Knead all together, and, with wet hands, form into small balls. Fry quickly on all sides until brown.

A little tomato pulp and a crushed garlic clove added to the mixture will improve the taste.

STUFFED CUCUMBERS

If you can find them, use small cucumbers, one for each person; if not, cut two large ones into the requisite number of equal parts and, using an apple corer, pierce a hole through the centre of each piece and fill with an equal part of minced, cooked meat and minced raw onion.

As many people consider cucumber rind too bitter for eating, remove as thinly as possible before stuffing.

VIENNA ROLLS

As this is a grand picnic, make your own bread by creaming 2 oz. of yeast with 1 teaspoonful of sugar, adding ¼ pint of equal parts tepid water and milk, and mixing with ¼ lb. of flour. Stand in a warm place, covered with a clean cloth, for ½ hour. Meanwhile, mix ¾ lb. of flour with ½ oz. of salt and ¼ pint of tepid water. Add the yeast mixture and knead well. Leave it to rise for 1 hour in a warm place and again covered. Repeat the kneading, and then drop tablespoonfuls of the dough on to baking tins. Brush over with milk, leave for a further ½ hour, and finally bake in a moderate oven for ¾ hour. When ready, cut in two, and spread with margarine.

FRUIT CAKE

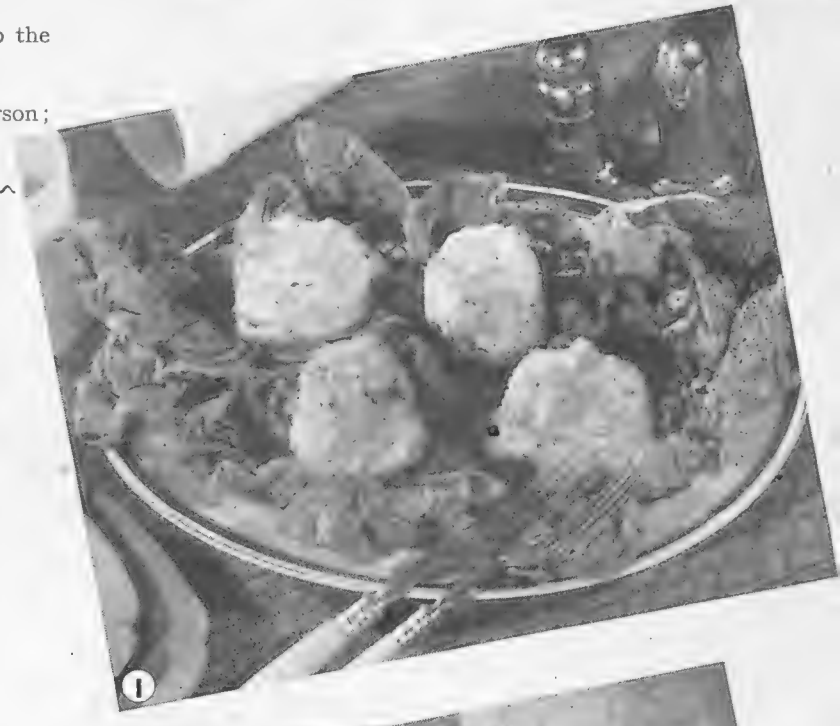
Sieve 3 oz. of flour into 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Rub in 2 oz. of margarine and add 2 oz. of sultanas. Reconstitute 1 dried egg with milk instead of water and beat it for five minutes with 1 oz. of sugar. Add this to the flour. Grease a cake tin, and sprinkle with flour, pour in the mixture, and leave it in a medium oven for 45 minutes.

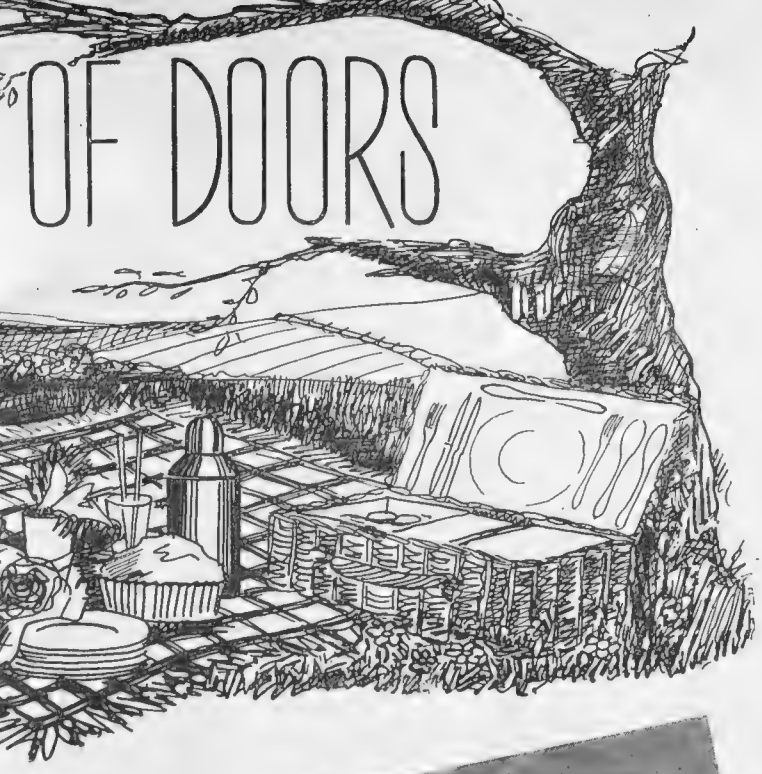
1 EGG MOULD. Beat 5 reconstituted eggs and add 1 pint of vegetable cream (1½ cupfuls of mixed, cooked vegetables passed through a sieve, diluted with ¾ pint of milk). Season. Pour the mixture into individual moulds and leave in a low oven for 40-50 minutes.

2 PARMENTIER SLABS. Boil 1 lb. of potatoes. Pass through the mincer and mix well with 1 tablespoonful of flour; 1 of chopped onion; 1 egg (dry) and a pinch of salt. Roll into a thick sausage, on a floured board, cut off slabs and fry on both sides until nicely browned. Dry off on a biscuit wire before packing.

3 CHOCOLATE BISCUITS. Take 4 oz. of peanut butter and mix well with 4 oz. of sweetened chocolate powder. Knead, and add 2 tablespoonfuls of milk. Roll out thinly on a board sprinkled with chocolate powder, cut into squares and bake in a low oven for 10-15 minutes.

4 CHERRY LEMONADE. Stone ½ lb. cherries and put in a saucepan with enough water to cover the bottom, cook with a little sugar and some cinnamon. Allow to cool. Into each glass put a spoonful of cherries with some juice and fill up with lemon cordial.





Quick Picnic

SANDWICHES

Start by cutting your bread for the sandwiches as thin as possible, and don't be too mean with the margarine. A little on both sides is much nicer than a fair amount on one! Decide on how many different kinds you will make, and I suggest the following fillings will be appreciated:

Sliced tomatoes and shavings of cheese.
Scrambled eggs. (The eggs reconstituted with tomato pulp.)
Cucumber slices laid on spread peanut butter.
Minced raw spinach, radishes, and onions, damped with salad cream.
Lettuce and tinned herrings, sardines, or salmon.
Horseradish butter. (Creamed margarine with grated horseradish to taste and a sprinkling of finely chopped parsley and chives.)

If you would like an adaptation of the famous American "Club Sandwich," here is one easy to make:

Toast two thick slices of bread; place on one some shredded lettuce leaves, a covering of salad cream, then a rasher of bacon cut in half and crisply fried, more salad cream, lettuce, and finally the other piece of toast.

EGG BALLS

Mix 2 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese with 2 of egg (dry); add a pinch of salt and 2 tablespoonfuls of milk. Drop heaped teaspoonfuls of the mixture into boiling water and leave for about ten minutes. Remove, roll in grated cheese, and let cool before packing.

BACON NOVELTY

Pass through the mincer all the uncooked bacon rind you have in the larder, and for each dessertspoonful take one dessertspoonful of flour. Rub the bacon in the flour, add a few drops of milk to make a soft dough, roll out thinly on a floured board, cut into strips, and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

FISH SAUSAGE

If you have any cooked fish left over from a previous meal, pass it through the mincer after removing the skin and bones. Using ½ lb. of fish, mix it well with 2 dessertspoonfuls of fish paste and add 1 reconstituted egg. Shape into small, fat sausages, roll in breadcrumbs and fry until brown. Dry off before packing.

ALMOND BISCUITS

In a bowl, mix well together 2 oz. of breadcrumbs, 2 of flour, 2 of sugar, 1 egg (dry), and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Add 2 tablespoonfuls of milk and 1 dessertspoonful of almond essence. Knead, roll out thinly on a floured board, cut into small rounds and bake in a moderate oven for 15-20 minutes.

IN OUR CUPS

CIDER CUP—1

One quart bottle of cider, ½ pint of ginger wine, (still available in many districts), 4 bottles of ginger beer, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2 oz. of apple jelly: mix in a jug or bowl containing a good lump of ice. (The ice is a very definite improvement, but can hardly be insisted on in wartime, when making all cups.)

CIDER CUP—2 (For a small party)

Ten bottles of cider, 3 of soda water, ½ pint of lemon cordial, a pint of orange cordial (undiluted in both cases), 10 drops of pineapple essence and 10 of apple (if available). Mix well together, sweeten to taste, and add, just before icing, 2 wineglasses of brandy or, if easier, 3 of gin.

ALE CUP (A man's drink!)

Soak for 2 hours in 1 gill of sherry ¼ oz. of cinnamon, 2 cloves, and a little grated nutmeg. Strain, press, and put into a jug or bowl. Pour in 2 pints of any good ale and 4 bottles of ginger beer.

ORANGE CUP (For the children)

Soak overnight in 1 pint of cider, ½ lb. of ripe strawberries, 1 peeled and sliced cucumber, and the peel of 1 orange if possible. Remove the cucumber and orange peel, leaving the strawberries, and add 1 bottle of orange cordial, ½ bottle of lemon, and 2 pints of water. Serve as cold as possible and if needed add a little sugar.

It's divine!
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It's DIFFERENT
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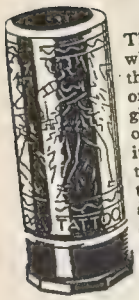

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St. Martin Preserving Co. Ltd.
Maidenhead, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
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A Cottage And A Cow

(Continued from page 29)

This was where Sam helped. At fifty-six years of age I could never have done the work alone, Sam is very strong; he lives in the village and works when the severe head injuries he received in a motor accident permit; when he is digging it is necessary to put a line down for him, or he may go diagonally across the garden. At a time when there was no labour at all to be had, it was a life-saver to be told about Sam at the village pub.

Our first task was to clear the orchard, which had been pruned in the winter. Lopped branches were lying everywhere; it was now the middle of April, and by mid-May high grass would have grown over them, making the orchard unfit for grazing, impossible to mow, and hazardous to walk in. After considerable labour we cleared the orchard.

My wife was meanwhile negotiating the sale of our cottage in Sussex. One evening she rang up to report a very good offer; the buyer wanted possession at the end of June.

"What shall I do?" my wife asked.

"Accept."

"Has the builder started yet?"

"No; he is waiting for his plumber."

"What are we to do about our furniture? The railway company say they can let us have a container. Shall I pack everything up and send it down?" my wife suggested; she is always a jump ahead and for this reason was rated as "the Brains."

"Yes, do that," I said.

Another week went by and still the builder had not been able to get the plumber; the electric-light people had been, wired the house, connected us to the mains and installed a meter. In the meanwhile I had planted the potatoes and with the aid of Sam taken up the paving stones in front of the cottage in order to get at the roots of the couch-grass which was growing through the crevices.

Next day I was able to report on the telephone that evening that the builders had started.

"Splendid," said "the Brains." "I'm coming down to see all you have done."

The container with the furniture arrived first. I put the stuff in the barn, hoping the mice would not work their way through the canvas coverings before my wife came down with the cats.

She came at the end of the month with the three cats, six yearling hens, and the bull terrier. The trouble was we could not settle in as the builders were still at work. We stopped at the inn in the village, all July. It was a difficult month. The harassed builder had many calls for essential work on his limited labour pool, and work on the cottage did not proceed continuously. When we did move in at the end of July there were still places in the house where you could not stand if it was raining. These were rectified and it was then found we had spent up to the limit of our licence and the builder had to withdraw his men. However, the place was just habitable, so we went on to the next thing, which was a cow. As a farmer said to me, when he heard we were thinking of getting one: "A cow is a lot of work."

It was my wife who thought of getting the cow; she thought of most things; indeed, she was the inspiration behind the whole enterprise.

She gave two reasons for getting a cow: that we ought to make use of our pasture and that we needed the milk.

As always, I went over to get advice from my neighbour, Farmer B, who, with his son, Ron, had been our good fairies from the start. Farmer B recommended the purchase of a heifer with calf; in this way we could be sure of a young beast that had just come into milk.

"There's a farmer on the moor, I've had some beasts from; you could go down and see him; he does a bit of dealing," he said.

I got on my bike and went down to see Farmer W. He was another of the type of Somersetshire farmers one gets used to seeing around here, powerfully built, tremendous workers, level-eyed.

I told him my story and of my neighbour's recommendation to come to him.

"Well, I've got a little roan shorthorn heifer with calf about a week ago," he said.

We went down to the moor behind his farm; it was now late October and the pasture was getting sodden; soon, when the river rose, the beasts would have to be taken off the moor for the winter.

There were two heifers with calves in the enclosure; the roan shorthorn was a tiny little creature; she scampered off, calf at side, as soon as we came into the paddock.

I asked the price, which was £35 with calf. I had seen best dairy shorthorn heifers quoted as sold in sales for £50 and £60 and "seconds" at from £30 to £40, so this seemed fair enough. We made a deal.

She was brought up in a van with her calf the following evening. When my wife saw her she said she must be called Minnie, short for Miniature. We put the pair in the stable for the night. Next morning our neighbour on the other side came round; my wife had made a deal with him to teach me milking in exchange for the calf. This neighbour, Jimmy, is seventy years of age; he runs a small holding, single handed, including a couple of cows and some young stock. He came up, wearing a voluminous apron, carrying an ancient milking-stool and a towel in one hand, and a mangold in the other. Fascinated I watched him slice the mangold, make friends with Minnie, and get what little milk the calf had left.

At the end of a week Jimmy took the calf away and Minnie now began to give about 1½ gallons of milk a day; we kept what we wanted; he took the rest for the calf.

I began to learn milking, got cramp in the fingers, recovered from that, and was getting on, but still leaving some milk in the udder, which would have dried Minnie off in a few days if Jimmy hadn't been there to strip her.

One morning Jimmy did not turn up. I got some milk from Minnie and then turned her out in the orchard, hoping what I'd left in the udder would not curdle before sunset. That evening Jimmy did not come again and I knew I was on my own.

As usual, I went over to Farmer B. He listened to my tale and grinned. "She's a lovely little heifer, pity to have her dry off," he said. "Ron will come over and help 'ee."

Ron, my neighbour's son, came across. Pushing his head into Minnie's flank he stripped her overful bag. By crouching down and watching I was able to see how he did it.

Ron promised to watch over Minnie for a day or two, saying, as his father had done, that it would be a pity to spoil her.

I guessed I had about a week's grace and did better, but there was always that cupful left when Ron came round to see if I had stripped her. Then one afternoon, having had a good deal of milk kicked over me and twice fallen off the stool, I withdrew to the kitchen, made a cup of tea, and looked at Minnie tied in her stall across the yard.

Minnie blinked back at me. You would not let yourself be treated like this by a horse! I thought.

I took off my coat, picked up the milk-pail, pulled the ski-ing cap I used for milking tightly over my head, and went in to get the rest of the milk. I got the lot. That night I received Ron's congratulations, and thereafter was able to say: "I can milk a cow."

Now we are almost independent; we have our own milk, eggs, vegetables, and fruit. We have even our own fuel, for there is an abundance of wood when I can find time to cut and haul it. A "blackberry" kitten was born and we have four cats; they have cleared the place of rats and mice and we did not have a single potato nibbled in the barn last winter. Any one who does not mind working seven days a week would enjoy life on a small holding.

END

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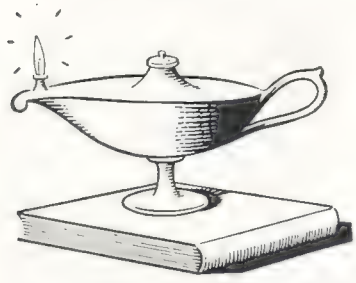

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Battle On The Airwaves

(*Continued from page* 15)

in reprisal for attacks on German soldiers have committed no other crime than reading an illegal newspaper. Distributors, editors and printers are shot immediately they are captured, but their papers still appear. One printer-editor was working as an underchef in a Paris hotel when his hand press was found in the basement. His arrest was reported next day in his own paper, printed in a charcoal burner's hut in the Forest of Compiègne. The hut was found and its two occupants shot—but next day the paper appeared as usual. A country innkeeper's daughter, a woman who used to sell matches to customers in Paris boulevard cafés, a music-hall comedian and a watchmaker whose workshop was a listening post, are among those who have been arrested for illegal journalism.

Confiscation of radio sets is one of the last moves in the German war on the truth—and a desperate move when its meaning is realized. Not only is it a confession of defeat—it also has a demoralizing effect. It was imposed in Holland only after a series of dramatic events in which the B.B.C. figured. First of "loyalty" from all Dutch students—with the implication that anybody who refused to sign would be sent to forced labour in Germany. Radio Orange, the Dutch Government's programme from London, said: "Don't sign." Ninety per cent of the students refused.

Next the Germans ordered all former Dutch soldiers to report for transportation to Germany. "Don't report; keep quiet," said Radio Orange. The ex-soldiers did not report. German troops and agents were sent to hunt them in shops, factories and homes. Workers went on strike. The German troops fired on strikers, killing many. German troops were attacked in the blackout, and hostages were shot.

Not until then did the Nazi authorities order the confiscation of radio sets. And that in itself was a victory, for it meant silencing German propaganda also—that propaganda which had helped to clear the way for the Nazi armies even before the war, and which since the invasion had wooed and threatened the civil population. It meant, in fact, that the truth from outside had won a decisive victory over the Nazi propaganda machine. Hollanders continued to listen in secret, and the illegal presses went on printing the news.

The part that the B.B.C. has played in keeping together the forces resisting the German rule in Jugoslavia is acknowledged thus by the German-controlled Croat radio: "Of all the enemy's wireless propaganda, the transmissions of the so-called Jugoslav radio in London are the most dangerous." And a Nazi minister addressing Croat workers in Berlin has declared that all the armed resistance and sabotage were "brought about by enemy propaganda."

The German-controlled Radio Paris recently paid the B.B.C. this compliment: "Many good people listen nightly to this impudent radio as if it were the voice of truth. It may utter the greatest absurdities, but that does not matter. They enjoy it. They believe it. Thousands of people throb in suspense before its waves."

It is the same in Belgium where, says a Belgian air officer who was there last summer, "people are radio maniacs. They do not go to the cinema or the theatre, or visit friends because they do not want to miss the news."

Germans in their own country and abroad listen to it. The porter in a Liége hotel where many German soldiers were billeted said he heard them listening to the B.B.C. every evening. A Luxembourger who recently reached London reports: "I have heard there is even more clandestine listening to British programmes in Germany than in occupied territory."

So the war in the ether rages and we in England can hear the sounds of wordy battle on our radio sets. Here and there on the dial are "open" stations, transmitting without intermission. Some of these are British. Our ordinary programmes of news and entertainment are seldom interrupted, for the enemy needs, for his own purposes, the information they give, if only so that he may twist it. And almost always one wave-length has to be left unjammed so that the German listening service can learn our "line." This wave-length varies from day to day. But there are far more jammed than open stations on the dial and all the jammed stations are ours.

This in itself is a tribute to the growth of the British radio weapon, for at the beginning of the war we were almost as unprepared in the ether as we were on land.

Everybody must have wondered before the war what war would do to radio. Would all stations immediately shut down? Would all radio sets be confiscated? Would the warring nations, abandoning their wave-length agreements, invade one another's strips of ether, shout one another down, piling kilowatt on kilowatt, and so produce chaos? How would radio go to war?

"A country which has so thoroughly barricaded its citizens as Germany," wrote a prophet at that time, "will naturally not leave any obvious loopholes by which radio propaganda can enter." Listening to British stations even then, years before the outbreak of war, had been forbidden in Germany.

And already Hitler had begun to make himself lord of the short waves, sending out Axis propaganda to the British Dominions and Colonies, as well as to Europe. Enormous transmitters, far more powerful than any the B.B.C. had, were making war on us long before the declaration of war. Radio for Britain was not an organ of propaganda, but a means of communication. The Empire service, nearly six years old when the war began, was a family affair—a thin, small voice, and no fighting weapon to set against the boasting, the trumpets, and the drums of Berlin. While Hitler invented grievances and excuses for marching into Austria, bombarding the Spanish port of Almeria, and taking over the Sudetenland, and was demanding *Lebensraum* in Africa and elsewhere, British radio minded its own business. Not until the invasion of Czechoslovakia did Britain begin to mobilize for radio war.

Like the Army and the Air Force, the B.B.C. had to go up against enemies formidably, almost overwhelmingly arrayed. All the B.B.C. had to build on and fight with was that modestly begun Empire service, which had to be turned almost overnight into a world service, and a war weapon. In those early days, and for months later, you could have gone all round the dial and found enemy voices at every kilocycle notch.

At the drop of the hat the Axis turned loose its exhorters, shouters, mockers, wheedlers, high-powered bullies and intimidators, not only against Britain and France, but chiefly against those in distant lands who might possibly entertain doubts of Axis victories.

They had everything ready. Great new transmitters opened. Goebbels threatened, Hitler roared, and Haw-Haw jeered. Mariners in British ships far away were told that it was no use returning to their home ports, for bombs had destroyed them. Long before the *Ark Royal* was sinking Italian warships, the *Ark Royal* had been sunk many times by German radio.

But to-day, with the military, naval and air initiative on our side, Goebbels's lies are coming home to roost. He has no heartening news for his own people, no fanfares to accompany his words.

All Europe knows of the Atlantic Charter, the Hot Springs Food Conference, the Moscow, Cairo and Teheran Conferences and the common aims of the United Nations. It knows that we have far more to offer Europe and the world than Hitler ever had. The Allies have a better story to tell than Goebbels and it is being told on the air, in the underground press, and wherever two or three of Hitler's millions of victims are gathered together.

END

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Scientific

"131"

(Continued from page 12)

"I don't know. They're birds of foreboding."

"Of what?"

"Foreboding. Ill omen. You know what I mean. Whenever they come trouble always follows—an earthquake, a 'flu epidemic or something."

"You believe that?"

"You can read it for yourself, page 131."

My lips almost touched her hair as she put the book into my hand. There was a faint but quite intoxicating scent in it that made it very difficult for me to resist taking her in my arms then and there. She knew all about her power. There she sat with her kilt well above her knees, her long lovely legs dangling over the edge of the bank, her hair glinting in the sun, her eyes as merry and sparkling as the limpid water below, tempting me.

There was really no temptation about it. She had me in her coils as soon as she spoke.

"Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Translate love into desire and you have my feelings about Melissa; from the first moment I was trembling with desire and everything she did heightened my sudden fever.

It may sound silly to you. It wasn't silly to me. It was a divine madness.

"Look," she said. "There they are."

And eight of the lovely birds of ill omen came twittering on to the branches of the nearby blackthorn and began pecking away like a lot of sparrows.

"They certainly are easy on the eye," I said.

I was just incapable of framing a reasonable sentence.

She got up, moved gracefully as a fawn towards them. They made no effort to fly away.

"Tame? They'll almost eat out of your hand," she said very softly, standing stock still just below the bush. "I'm curious about one thing. Why did you laugh when I read out about the waxwings on page 131? It didn't make sense."

"It doesn't make sense. But if you promise not to go away till—till, well, till you're bored with me and also promise not to laugh at me I'll tell you."

Instantly she was sitting by my side again.

"You're a funny man. Don't look so serious. I'm waiting to hear about 131."

"It all began at school," I said.

"Oh. If it's going to be a long story, I'm going to lie down," she said and threw herself full length on her back along the bank.

"You don't mind if I put my head on your lap," she said. "It's so much more comfortable."

Mind? It was all I could do not to kiss her then and there as she smiled up provocatingly into my face.

"Go on," she said. "It all began at school."

"I hated school. I was starved every way, emotionally, physically and spiritually. I was extraordinarily lonely, longing to make friends, but for some reason I couldn't make them.

"Boys are like animals, inhumanly cruel. There was a lot of bullying. I'd never been taught to stand up for myself and very soon found out that I was shy—I blushed a lot.

"I was ashamed of it. I was ashamed of everything I did. My work was bad, I was clumsy at games, and if I was badly enough bullied I cried. Cried at thirteen.

"I must have been a poisonous child. But I craved just for one person. I've always wanted just one person. I used to long to get to bed to escape from them all, but even in bed I wasn't safe. After lights were out they'd come and torment me. Very soon I came to dread going to bed. It was a living nightmare.

"Over my bed was a number in large block capitals. Not my name."

"What is your name?"

"Conrad Marston."

"Mine's Melissa Harlowe. Now we know each other, Conrad. I don't know a Conrad."

"I don't know a Melissa, either."

"Well, that's something. We shan't get mixed up. I hope you like Melissa. You were saying something about the number over your bed at school. What was it?"

"131."

"The number of the page in the waxwings book. Is that all the story? I was expecting something much more thrilling."

"It sounds pretty silly telling it you like this on a perfect sunny day with larks singing and fish plopping and flowers all over the place, but ever since those first days at Bradcaster the number 131 has chased me like—like a bird of ill omen."

She lowered her lids and said very softly: "You're not being very polite if I'm right in my guess. Every time the number 131 turns up you're for it."

"Well—I always dread getting to page 131 of any novel I write. You'd be surprised how many unfinished novels I have lying in drawers that I've just left on page 131."

"Oh! So you're a novelist."

"I'm a briefless barrister. I write novels to occupy my time. Now, luckily, I don't have to worry either about the law or novels. I'm in the R.A.F. I'm just on seven days' leave."

She made a very half-hearted attempt to get up.

"Is there some more? Isn't your story finished?"

"It's not nearly finished. But that's enough for now. I wasn't setting out to give you a full autobiography."

"You're something of an artist. You've whetted my appetite. You can't stop there."

"The rest can wait."

"Wait? You forget. I'm a woman and curious."

"At what age does one become a woman?"

"It's nothing to do with age. I'm nineteen. You're thirty-two."

"Thirty-three."

"Practically in your grave. Married?"

"Of course."

"Happily?"

"Outrageously."

"Children?"

"Two. Beauties."

"Lucky you. Well, as a woman I'm a believer in tea. I'd better be going."

"I'm a very strong believer in tea too. I know a place. Can you walk?"

She held up a leg.

"Approve?"

"Strongly."

"I expected that. All men do. They're not a bad shape. What's more I can use them. How far?"

"Two or three miles."

"My time's my own. It's too good a day to go back. I'm a stranger hereabouts. Won't you be missed at home?"

"Terribly. They'll probably drag the canal."

"Right. That clinches it. I'll come."

She leapt to her feet.

"The name of the inn where we're going to have our first tea together is the 'Rose Revived.'"

"I don't believe it. You've made it up."

Everything played into my (or was it her?) hand.

We had the "Rose Revived" to ourselves. We had tea out of doors, and the girl who served us was pretty and affable. She called Melissa "Madame."

"She takes us for granted," said Melissa.

There was a narrow creek a little distance away from the inn where Melissa found an empty punt. She ran to it and lay full length in it in the warm sunshine. She stretched out her arms to me.

By the time I regained my senses the new moon was rising over the trees.

"New and we've not seen it through glass," said Melissa. "Bow nine times and turn your money. Has 131 brought you such bad luck?"

The fact that Fenella was frantic with fright at my failure to come home made no impression on me. It was easy to convince her with a lie because I was not until that moment a liar.

From that moment (Continued on page 54)

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I was nothing else. I had no pangs of conscience at all. I still loved Fenella. My feeling for Melissa was a fever. I was bewitched.

She was billeted at Keble, and every morning at 8.40 she left by bus in the company of some fifty other "lovelies" for some very hush-hush job at Tackley, and every evening at six o'clock she came back.

I bicycled three miles every morning of the rest of my leave to see her pass over the canal bridge. It was only a glimpse of that shining head that I got, if that, but it served to keep me going until the evening when I waited for her outside Keble, and she well knew the technique of keeping me waiting when I took her off to the "Rose Revived" to sup, lie in the punt and make love to her under the waxing moon.

When I went back to Bomber Command she was in my thoughts by day and in my dreams by night. I used to sit down in the ante-room every night before going out on a show and just pour out my heart to her.

The sight of her neat precise upright handwriting on an envelope had the power to send my pulses tingling.

You would have thought that my second crash would have brought me to my senses.

That's how I got this mottled face. Burns don't improve one's good looks. That's why I'm back in the courts defending murderers.

I was invalided out after that last show.

I should never have gone out on that show had not Melissa sent me that telegram.

"1.31 Newton Abbot."

Just that. It was like her insolence to know that I'd be there even if it meant being cashiered or shot. The C.O. was very sympathetic about the illness that I had invented for Fenella.

"Until she's out of danger forget about us," he said.

I wasn't in the least troubled in my conscience over the lie, which shows what a poison in the blood she had become.

I had an appalling all-night journey followed by a whole morning of waiting on the platform at Newton Abbot for the 1.31.

The train was an hour and a half late. I was practically crying with nervous exhaustion when at last I saw her step out of the carriage, casually wave and walk slowly towards me.

"A bit obvious and a bit impetuous to-day, my darling, aren't you?" she said. But I knew she was glad to be with me.

"How long?" I asked.

"Forty-eight hours. I've only brought a toothbrush and nightie. Where shall we go?"

"Chagford," I said. "I've booked the rooms."

We were blessed with what I came to call Melissa's weather. We lay out for the whole of one golden sunny day in the heather on the banks of the Wallabrook listening to the cry of the curlew, and the other we spent in the bracken above Fingle Gorge.

We just lay in each other's arms and let the world go by.

I crashed the night I got back. We were burnt out. Fenella nursed me back to life. It was only when I was convalescent, at home again, lying out in the garden and pining for a sight of Melissa that Fenella told me.

"When you're well you shall go to her."

Those were the words in which she told me.

"I knew the night you crashed. I can't really believe it even now. You see, I loved you. I won't divorce you because I believe it's a sort of sorcery. It's got to work itself out."

When I was invalided out I took Melissa to live with me in London and began working up my practice as a barrister feverishly. I had a bit of luck and made quite a name in the Charlton case. I began to make money.

London proved Melissa's undoing. I was working. She was idle. Alistair Conway came along. I had found it easy to deceive Fenella, whom I dearly loved. Ought I to blame Melissa for deceiving me?

Anyway, she didn't bother to deceive me for long. She just walked out on me, married him, and then when she realized that I had escaped from her clutches and was going back to Fenella she decided to spoil that little game and prove that her power over me hadn't waned.

She was right. It hadn't.

Almost I feel like waking her, so secure of her triumph she is, to warn her that her reign is over.

It would be pleasant to see fear in those scornful eyes, pleasant, but I'm taking no risks of a scream. Othello made no mistake with a pillow. "Put out the light and then put out the light."

I'm now telling you the idea that came into my mind when the clerk downstairs said "131." That sealed Melissa's fate—and mine.

It's time to get to work with that pillow.

I've been writing all through the night.

It's—what? Five forty-five?

Nearly dawn . . .

I can hear the first chirpings of the dawn chorus already.

Melissa loved—or pretended that she loved—to hear birds sing.

Shall I wake her and then smother her with the lovely carolling of the blackbird in her ear?

No! She was completely bogus.

She didn't really care about the blackbird. I do.

She's better off in oblivion. Here goes.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

It was signed "A. Spottiswood, Governor of Virginia."

Blackbeard had barely time to prepare his sloop for defence when two other sloops appeared at the mouth of the inlet. It was a tricky place, full of shoals, and the sloops could not reach the spot where Teach's boat lay. He passed the night drinking and cursing.

Meanwhile the two attacking sloops, under the command of Captain Maynard and manned by trained soldiers, unable to sail for lack of wind, had rowed up to within earshot so that Captain Maynard could deliver his challenge.

Blackbeard replied by scorn and defiance and backed up his words by a broadside of small ammunition that killed and wounded twenty men in one boat and nine in the other. When the smoke cleared there was no one to be seen at all in Maynard's sloops. This was the moment to make a dash for safety. But Blackbeard's sloop ran aground and fell broadside to the shore, so he decided to stay and finish off any survivors among his enemies. With fourteen men he boarded Maynard's sloop, which had also run into a bank.

But Captain Maynard, with eleven survivors, was waiting for him. Fearing a second broadside that would have finished them, they had hidden in the hold and were crouched there with pistols and swords ready to repel an attack at close quarters.

The duel between Blackbeard and Captain Maynard was a ferocious affair. Almost at point blank they fired their first shots at each other. Blackbeard missed, but he received a bullet in the face. Ignoring it he replied with a swing of his cutlass. The two men parried and thrust and used their pistols whenever they had a chance as well. Blackbeard, although bleeding profusely from a wound in the neck, stood his ground savagely. At last he toppled over and fell, dying. The toughness of the man must have been astonishing, for he had five bullets in his body and twenty other superficial wounds.

When the valiant Captain Maynard sailed his sloop back to Virginia it bore, impaled on a pole like a figurehead, the shaggy head of Blackbeard.

The nightmare was over. Notification of the pirate's death was sent to no fewer than twelve of his wives. His whole career had lasted only a year and a half, and in this time he had married fourteen women. One trembles to think what would have been the total if he had lived to a great age!

END

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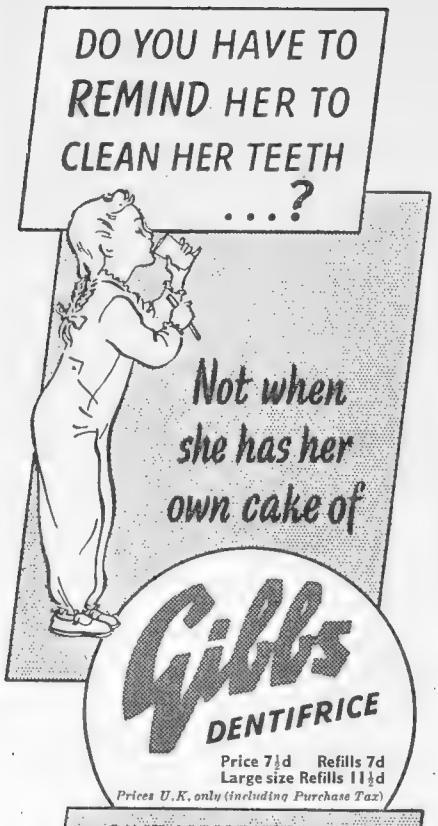
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Who Owns England?

(*Continued from page 16*)

best of the deal. Both the value of and income from the land are much higher now than when the swop was made. The Commissioners of Crown Lands usually pay into the nation's coffers thrice what the Treasury pays out to the King annually by order of Parliament for his living and general expenses.

That land belongs to us, the citizenry.

Land was to an aristocracy what stocks and bonds and profitable businesses are to a plutocracy : the source of economic power and fat incomes. But those were the days when labour was cheap, taxes low, agricultural produce sold profitably, and mention of death duties would have got the culprit hanged, drawn and quartered.

For a long time now, land has been passing to those financially better able to handle it—to public authorities financed perpetually from the public purse; to deathless companies and corporations; to self-made businessmen who bring in new capital and spend money on the estate instead of wanting to take money out of it; to speculator tycoons who buy land and resell at a large profit to public companies, which resell to citizens either in small plots or through issue of shares giving a stake in the fortunes (not always good) of a land-and-estates enterprise.

The Durham family owned over 30,000 acres. But when the third and fourth earls died within a few months of one another, death duties approximated nearly a million. The heir wondered whether he would be able to live on at Lambton Castle on what was left.

A duck-away from death duties lately brought the National Trust its largest gift to date. Sir Richard Acland handed over 17,000 acres, with about 300 farms. He had had to sell land to settle death duties on his father's estate, and he reckoned that his broad acres would be broken up and sold off when he died : and when his son, in turn, passed, what would be left? So he gave it away to the Trust.

The holdings of these public and semi-public bodies are steadily increasing. Last time I saw Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett, chairman of the National Playing Fields Association, he told me that the Association's holdings now total 30,000 acres. The Forestry Commission owns more. It even pried 9,700 acres loose—at a price—from Sir Harry Lauder, in connection with an Argyll deal involving ten estates and 54,000 acres.

All told, local authorities own millions of acres. The area owned by urban authorities under the National Allotments Association in the last pre-war year was 377,884 acres. It is more now.

The L.C.C. owns more than 16,000 acres of London. On half this acreage the Council has built £50,000,000 worth of houses in the last two decades : 7,000 more of the acres do not pay for their upkeep. That is land covered by the Council's twenty-six parks and open spaces. In a more scientifically run country one princely—nay, kingly—estate owned by the L.C.C. would be transformed into a fine housing estate, with shops, theatre, hospital and all the etceteras; and its present tenants, who pay no rent, but actually cost the community money, would be moved out to scrub country. I refer to Wormwood Scrubs, covering 215 precious acres.

And to think that some members of the Council used to grumble because the Duke of Westminster, until he sold for about a million, played tennis in the backyard of his town house, on a land patch worth £100,000 !

Collectively, the biggest London landowners are the charitable foundations. They own about a sixth of the land London stands on.

Most of the twenty-five peers who between them own 7,000,000 acres of England, have their richest holdings in London. The most profitable of the Duke of Norfolk's 50,000 acres—since the family in 1931 sold for £300,000 the land on which most of Littlehampton stands—is a small slice of the Strand. The Cadogans draw princely revenues from Chelsea; the Howard de Waldens, from Marylebone; the Northamptons, from Islington and Clerkenwell; the Portmans, from the stretch between Oxford Street north to Lord's; the Bedfords from Bloomsbury.

Lancashire acres are good enough for Lord Derby. Most of his 69,000 acres are in that county. The Liverpool land is naturally the plum. There is a story, probably apocryphal, that the biggest landowner of them all, the Duke of Sutherland, offered to exchange half a million of his North Scottish acres for a couple of acres of the Duke of Westminster's Millbank estate : and was refused. The Duke subsequently sold part of the latter estate to the L.C.C. for a million. This left his Grace about 600 acres, worth maybe £20,000,000, between the river and Marble Arch. Cows grazed on it when the duke's ancestor acquired it by a curious marriage with the moneylender-owner's heiress daughter.

The Butes got their 117,000 acres the same way—a Scottish Bute finding a land-rich wife in Wales—but increased its value by their own enterprise.

Whether land makes much, little or no money, really depends on the price paid, and changing conditions. Charitable institutions —which include, under a law of 1925, universities and colleges—can make money out of farmlands, when others cannot, because they pay no income-tax. This explains why now Oxford University owns land in forty-seven counties, and Cambridge land in thirty-seven. Total holdings of the two approximate 200,000 acres.

It just shows you that owning pieces of England is not always quite what it is cracked up to be.

END

War Over To Peace

(*Continued from page 25*)

the Allies ("pronto" is sure to come back from Italy), there'll always be an English but it is taking "definite" departures. Already the displaced English launched by Luce's *Time* and taken from German construction, is seeping into our news columns. "Fidgety and cigarless was the Premier yesterday when he . . ."

And all these calls to prayer—will they show a lasting yield? Some say the praying publicity is an attempt to profit by the spiritual roving that the losses and absences of war engender, inasmuch as its sponsors realize that the reaction from organized dogma to the inner religion will be much more pronounced when life gets going again; that many more will elect to stay within the limits of the human mind, thereby respecting mystery number one.

It may not be too much to hope that the comradeship born of Dunkirk and blitz will leave a permanent imprint on the national character which could do with a lot more friendliness of approach, as the American contact has not failed to drive home. This talk of British shyness is largely an excuse. It's much more a case of a superior "Don't you talk to me! I don't want to know you!"

I do believe, though, that this having so many foreigners in our midst will impinge on insularity and make things easier for us in the world ahead. We shall need it, for it is not going to be all beer and skittles for a world-wide race in these questioning times. To see the merits in foreigners is not to cry down one's own people, although those of the former bent are usually docketed as queer birds.

On the other hand, it is surely going too far to write already of "class" having been snuffed out by the common pulling together. I seem to recall a song about "Duke's Son, Cook's Son." It may take many generations to eradicate class snobbery at all levels and we are on safer ground in anticipating a greater consideration, a more friendly all-round attitude to, and interest in, other people's problems. That may well last.

A greater self- (*Continued on page 58*)

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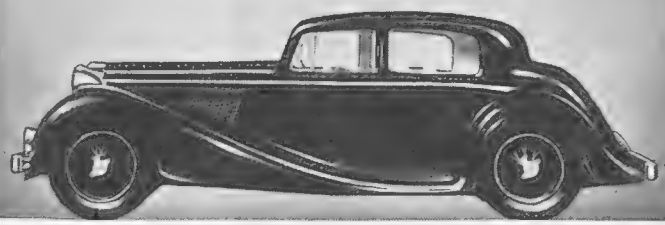

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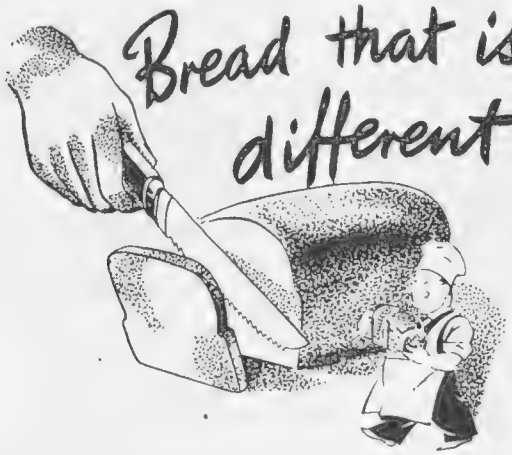

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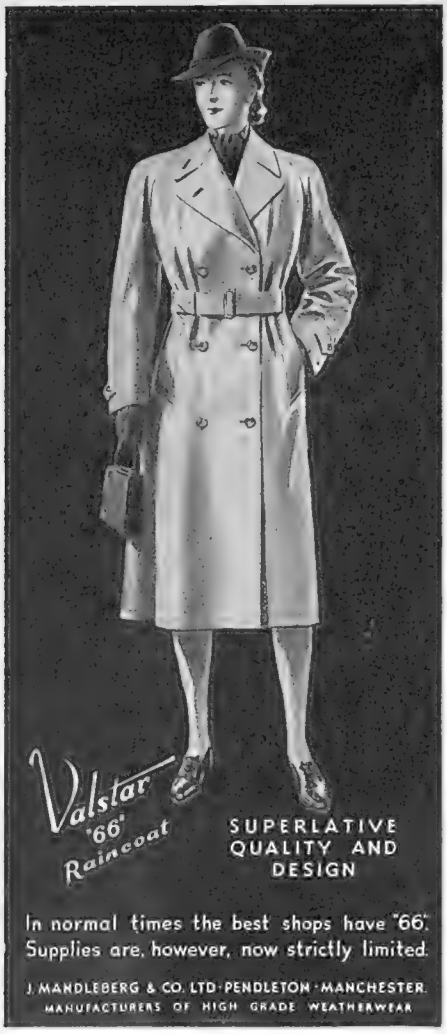
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BEST BAKERS BAKE IT
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reliance and improvisation have doubtless come to stay. Civilians have learnt both from having to make do, while the Forces should return as qualified handymen, almost one and all, having undergone a technical education in the rudiments of pioneering, applied mechanics, electricity, explosives, signalling and a dozen other branches of modern war.

Misadventures which scuppered the pre-war housewife will do so no more. She will be on the job herself, helped as likely as not, by the neighbours. Or will she? Will all this self-reliance wear thin once it is no longer rigorously necessary? One cannot help thinking that a greater confidence towards affairs important and trivial, and towards life itself, will be a durable outcome of the exacting and unpredictable war years; and that, seeing their parents ready to cope with things, the children will assimilate the virtue without knowing it.

Then there have been the long years of discipline. Particularly for both sexes under the

War Over To Peace

forty mark. Signs are not lacking that well-meaning bodies are hoping to pounce with a view to improving them under a benign regimentation. Catch them from one mould, so runs the plan, and they'll be easier to fit into a second. Yet I rather think people will have learnt differently from wartime welfare and kindred control, and that, just as demobbed women intend to have a high old time with hats, colours and flufferies, so the one desire of people embarking on social clubs, community centres, etc., will be to run their own shows *themselves*.

If a dozen industrial areas which have approached Mr. Bevin are any criterion, a big reaction lies ahead against social service bodies and "movements," with their plans to direct leisure "activities." An extension of the herd instinct is inevitable and certain, but groups within the herd will not want to be looked after by wardens or their equivalents.

END

The Coming Of The Machine Age

(*Continued from page* 13)

having something close to brain-fever, wondering how we are going to find jobs, jobs that will give a day's honest and *necessary* work, and therefore a decent life, to the men that are being displaced by their hundreds of thousands all over the United States by the actual inventiveness of the progressive American engineer. How are we going to stop the engineer? they ask. How are you going to stop IT—the Machine? "Shucks, you can't tell me, mister, that you, or any man, can go about telling people that they can *deliberately* refuse to use a labour-saving machine. It ain't natural!"

From the pedantic language of the expert in social economics down to the barely intelligible "American" of a recently arrived immigrant, they'll all tell you that: *It ain't natural!* You just can't scrap the machine.

IN farming there might be some chance. There are some ways, although they are not many, in which a Government can limit the size of farms. Otherwise farming in the United States, at least, is bound to go the same way. Curiously enough, it was the Soviet Russians who were the first to realize, at any rate admit, that a farm can be *too big*. This was the vast Collective, known as "Gigant," down in the Northern Caucasus. The Agronoms, in Moscow, used to boast that they had some farms in Soviet Russia so vast that the only way you could get about them was by using the farm's aeroplane. And when I was in Moscow in 1929, the year the Soviet Russians actually began their forcible Collectivization, an American mass-farming expert, whom they had brought over to show them how he did things, boasted to me that "On my farm of 100,000 acres, in Montana, *one man*, with our cultivating and harvesting combines—can cultivate 120 acres!"

"Yes, but," I asked him, "what about the American farming families who might have lived on those 120 acres—and had a decent life? Where have they gone?"

"Shucks!" he answered contemptuously, "*They're* no business of mine. If they can't get on, then they can get out. That's what I say."

ENGLAND, in planning her agriculture after this war, must base everything on one great truth—farming must be much more a *way of life*—and a good life—rather than just a mere means of making a living. And there must be a limit in mechanized mass agriculture where man himself must not, for the very least sentimental reason, be sacrificed to the machine.

This is going to be a hard and bitter battle. And we can all see it coming. They used to say, in Boston, U.S.A., "Why, just let a man build the best mouse-trap—and the whole world will make a pathway to his door!" In those early New England days the inventor was sacred. And in those days he was useful; he enabled man to conquer the wilderness.

It can still be argued that new inventions don't mean either over-production or unemployment; it is our economic system that is at fault—we have not learned how to distribute the world's goods. That is undoubtedly true.

But so is this thing true. When Andrew Carnegie emerged on top of the vicious Homestead strikes in his Pittsburg steel mills in the '80s of the last century, that wise Scot instantly began to install every labour-saving (thus displacing) machine he could discover.

"I'll show 'em!" that great steel king is reputed to have said; "I'll teach the workers that it is just not good business to stage a strike against me. I'm installing machinery that will make me independent of labour!"

And that, my children, was the beginning of mass production in the United States. The labour-saving machines were and are, of course, all owned by the rich men. All the workman had to sell was his own labour. That was why trade unions began to be organized; to bargain "collectively" for the sale of labour. During the last war, when the desperate British Government began to import American "automatics" from the United States—multiple lathes, etc., etc.—what happened?

Well, and this is an incontestable fact, the heads of the British trade unions tried to get an agreement from the British Government that these labour-saving (thus displacing) American "automatics" would be *scrapped*—after the war was won.

Labour knew. The long war of the real machine age knows no armistice. It's still on.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

If you want to know how to massage your face correctly send me a stamped addressed envelope and I will forward you a chart with the names of good wartime skin creams. Exercise combined with massage is the classic way of treating muscles which have lost their tone, and this applies to the face as well as to other parts of the body.

Elizabeth Arden knows more about facial exercises than any one else in the world. She has muscle exercises for sagging chin and relaxed throat, reducing double chins, moulding scrawny hollow neck, smoothing forehead lines, crow's-feet, lines, hollows and puffs under the eyes, and for filling out hollow cheeks and smoothing out lines around the nose and mouth. I have a chart which gives you all these exercises and I will gladly forward it to you, always providing you remember the stamped and addressed envelope.

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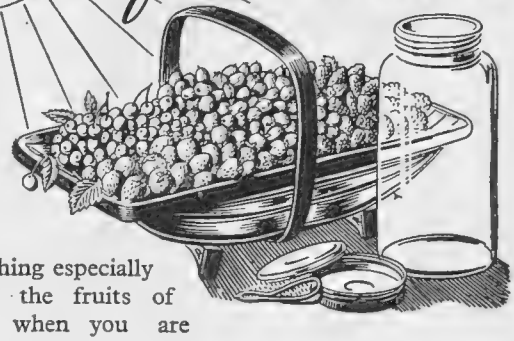
Treasure the FRUITS *of* SUMMER



There is something especially luscious about the fruits of summer, and, when you are fortunate enough to get them, you do right to enjoy some whilst they are fresh. But try to put up even a lb. or two for winter use, so as to bring a bit of July into January. You know how precious they'll be then! If you have grown herbs, now is the time to dry them, ready to add zest and flavour to your meals all the year round.

FRUITS FOR BOTTLING

All soft and stone fruits — currants, raspberries, cherries, plums, etc. — bottle well. Remove leaves, stalks and hulls (reject of course, all over-ripe or unsound fruits) and wash quickly in cold water.

GOOSEBERRIES should be a fair size but still green and hard.

CHERRIES: black or the red, acid, varieties of cherries bottle better than white cherries.

STRAWBERRIES lose colour when bottled but this can be remedied to some extent by adding red cooking colouring to the syrup or water when bottling.

JARS FOR BOTTLING

There are several kinds of jars on the market. Also various tops to use with jam jars. If you use jam jars, make sure that the rims are a perfect circle, so that the tops fit. Make sure, too, that you get the right sized rings, etc. Test your equipment carefully before using. Fill the jars with cold water, put on rings, tops and bands or clips, wipe dry, and stand head down for half an hour. If they leak, examine for defects —try another rubber ring or adjust the clip. Rinse and drain jars before use.

HOW TO MAKE BOTTLING SYRUP

Dissolve ¼ to ½ lb. sugar to 1 pint water and bring to boil. The larger amount of sugar is recommended for all fruits, but if you cannot manage quite that quantity, put in as much as you can. If you cannot spare any sugar, bottle the fruits in water.

HOW TO BOTTLE FRUITS

Fruit bottling is simple, needing only reasonable care. Some easy ways are given in the Fruit Bottling Leaflets published by the Ministry of Food. Why not send a postcard for them? Please address the Ministry of Food, Dept. 628A, Food Advice Division, London, W.1. Meanwhile, here is one favourite:—

The Oven Method. 1. Pack fruit in the jars as firmly as possible without damaging it. Pack to the top to allow for shrinkage as the fruit cooks. Put in a slow oven (about 240°F.) on cardboard or thicknesses of paper. To prevent scorching, place a shallow baking-tin, or browning sheet over the group of bottles. Leave until the fruit appears cooked and slightly shrunk.

Sterilise tops and rings (not bands or clips) by putting them in cold water, bringing to the boil and boiling for 15 minutes; use while hot.

2. Take out *one jar at a time;* place on a mat or folded paper, and pour in boiling water or syrup to overflowing the brim. Seal immediately with hot, sterilised rubber ring, top, and band or clip. Screw-bands may need tightening as jar cools.

3. Test next day. Take off clip or band, lift jar by lid; if it stays on, seal is perfect. If lid comes off, such faulty jars must be re-done or used within a few days.

YOUR HERB HARVEST

Gather your herbs when the plants are just about to flower, and if possible whilst dry and not exposed to strong sunlight. Small leaved herbs, like thyme and sage, should be washed, tied in bundles, protected from dust with a piece of muslin and hung to dry near a fire. Large leaved herbs, such as bay leaves, should be picked over (shrivelled leaves discarded), dried in a cool oven (110°F. to 130°F.) until crisp — about 1 hour. Or dried on a rack above the stove, which takes about 3 to 4 hours. The dried herbs should then be stripped from their stalks, crushed finely with a rolling pin and stored in air-tight bottles in a dark place.

PARSLEY will keep its colour better if it is dried in a very hot oven for 1 minute, taking care not to scorch it.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S95)

Since the war, venereal disease has been steadily increasing, and the number of new cases now stands at more than double the pre-war total.

The first thing that everyone should know about venereal diseases is that they can be avoided—by clean living. They are spread by sexual intercourse. Syphilis and gonorrhœa—the two principal venereal diseases—are each caused by a different germ. But these germs cannot appear in the body of their own accord. Nor can they be carried through the air like the germs of colds or measles.

What is Syphilis?

Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. If not treated early, skilfully and completely it can cause death or total disablement in early middle life. Unless an infected mother is given skilled treatment early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child. That is one of the causes—though not, of course, the only one—of babies being born dead, or dying early in infancy, or becoming blind, deaf, or mentally defective.

What is Gonorrhœa?

Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous as syphilis, is more serious than is generally believed, and is one of the causes of arthritis, chronic ill-health, and—in both men and women—inability to have children.

What are the signs of Venereal Diseases?

The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the sex organs; it appears from 10-90 days—usually three or four weeks—after infection. Gonorrhœa first shows itself as a discharge from the sex organs, and usually shows itself from 2-10 days after infection.

How are Venereal Diseases caught?

In adults, almost always through sexual intercourse with a person who has already got the disease. The passing of the disease in any other way is so uncommon that it need not be feared. Professional prostitutes are not the only spreaders of these diseases; any man or woman, boy or girl, who has sexual relations with a casual acquaintance risks picking up syphilis or gonorrhœa. Clean living is the real safeguard.

Where V.D. can be cured.

Venereal diseases can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor; self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous. A specialist's advice and treatment are FREE at any V.D. clinic: any doctor will give the addresses or they may be found on posters in public conveniences. Clinics are open daily and also on some evenings. There is usually no need to stay away from work during treatment, and treatment is **absolutely confidential.** No operation is necessary except in rare cases where there has been long delay in going for treatment. Disappearance of early symptoms does not necessarily mean a cure. It is essential to continue treatment until the doctor says it may safely be stopped. Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect V.D. should seek skilled medical treatment AT ONCE.

FURTHER INFORMATION IN CONFIDENCE can be obtained from your local Council's Health Department, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Square, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education. (VD 31-19)

Books: (*Continued from page 41*)

gay!" His people are irresponsible, his dialogue is of the slick, amusing kind one hears in Mayfair bars. The resulting mixture is sufficiently hilarious, so I am sure thousands will emerge from the story feeling that they have had a wizard time without any of that mental strain usually imposed by masterpieces. . . .

A husband and wife, both tangently susceptible—though at the end there is "nothing to forgive"—figure in Mr. L. T. Shortell's "People Apart" (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.), but here the background is much more austere—a sanatorium retreat in the Jura where Cupid is not officially on the list of resident physicians but sometimes gets into the physic, all the same. It is a romantic story of a married Englishman, Ashley, who falls in love with an attractive fellow-patient, Veronique, already pledged to marry an Italian twice her age whom she dislikes. The coming of war and the invader helps to solve their triangle problem precipitately, and perhaps wisely despite the heartache. At any rate, they behave nobly. I wouldn't say that sanatorium love makes one long to be an invalid, but it has its compensations when it is portrayed as fervently as in this human-interest novel.

Next to a Jura sanatorium, give me a picturesque English seaport for background, these untravelled days, since I forget when last I saw one. In "Queen's Harbour" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.) Miss Elizabeth Ford tells of Lieut. Mike Martin, R.N.V.R., who comes home on a leave to fall in love with a pretty young war widow, Veronica Crofter, and cope with the hostility of her mother-in-law. A further complication is that young Elsie Abbot, daughter of the Martins' Mrs. Mop, becomes dazzled by Mike's charm and braid, notwithstanding that she already has an old sweetheart truer to form rightly named Bert, whose leave happens to coincide. The dramatic unravelling makes a wholesome love story, well written and freshened with gulps of sea and the scents of hills by the sea. I could almost call it a holiday. . . .

Equally am I grateful for the bracing Angus country of Dr. J. B. Salmond's "Flower of the Flax" (Herbert Jenkins, 8s. 6d.), a tale of flax farming and milling then and now, and Jess Graeme, the farmer's daughter, who goes out to domestic service when her father marries again, weds a young mechanic, goes to live in industrial Lawside (Dundee?), and begets a family. It is in the story of Jess and her family—those who came after the first two had died in a cholera epidemic—that we see the social and industrial changes that come to Angus and make one old survivor say: "Laddie, I've been here sae lang that I'm a perfect stranger." I would call this a very good Scots novel of character and sentiment; it ends on "one of those high days, when birds busy at the making of homes are blown about the sky like leaves, when the whole world in a great serenity promises new life. . . ."

The title-meaning of Miss Winifred Graham's "A Spider Never Falls" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) is that so long as you cling to the spiritual life-thread, no matter what tragedies come your way, you can always climb up again. I know her to be a wholly sincere, religious psychic who knows her subject; and when, therefore, she introduces psychic ideas into the love story of Sylvia Ferris, famous surgeon's daughter, we can be sure it is in a reverent spirit, and she truly believes that the voice of a soldier killed in action spoke so clearly that it was heard by two people in adjoining rooms. Living in one herself, she communicates the dignity and graciousness of country houses in lovely gardens; her style, psychology and dialogue partake of them in the best traditional sense. Whatever we think of her psychic convictions, we appreciate her courage in writing novels on spiritual themes which offer some consolation to the suffering and bereaved.

The ingenious idea of murder by omission instead of commission underlies Miss Mary Fitt's outstanding thriller, "Clues to Christabel" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.). More than that I cannot say without spilling the plot, though obviously a victim who suffered from pernicious anæmia offers unusual possibilities. The psychology is brilliant, the suspense expertly held, the atmosphere taut. A friend who read it said: "It made me so eager, I had to fight not to look at the end"—which means that it *is* a mystery thriller.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"La-Di-Da," by Montague Scott (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A really humorous yet moving story.

"International Commando," by John Courage (Stanley Paul, 9s. 6d.). A brilliant detective story and a thriller in the best sense of the word.

"Poppett & Co.," by Oliver Sandys (Hurst & Blackett, 9s.). An enchanting romance.

"Britannia Rules the Waves," by Alexander Tier, illustrated by Charles Page (Westminster Press, 5s.). The adventures of a battleship manned entirely by Wrens.

"Pastor's Psychology," by Arthur W. Hopkinson (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.). A confession of an ordinary man's failures or successes in dealing, as pastor, with ordinary people and a summing up of what those failures and successes have taught him.

"Human Reproduction and Venereal Disease," by Dr. John Drew (Faber & Faber, 3s. 6d.). This book is designed to provide the lay reader with simple, clear and frank information about the processes of human reproduction and about the diseases that may be acquired by the individual as a result of the abuse of the natural reproductive instincts of man and woman.

"Wait and See" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). The autobiography of Albert Thomas, Butler to the Principal, Brasenose College, Oxford.

"Leave Me Waiting," by Diana Ridley (Ward Lock, 8s. 6d.). A romantic novel of a rising young violinist and a jazz- and swing-loving Fleet Air Arm pilot.

"Gateway to Escape," by Norman Deane (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A story of the adventures of Cris St. Clare and his friends, Ned and Anton, in France and Italy in the days preceding the Allied landings.

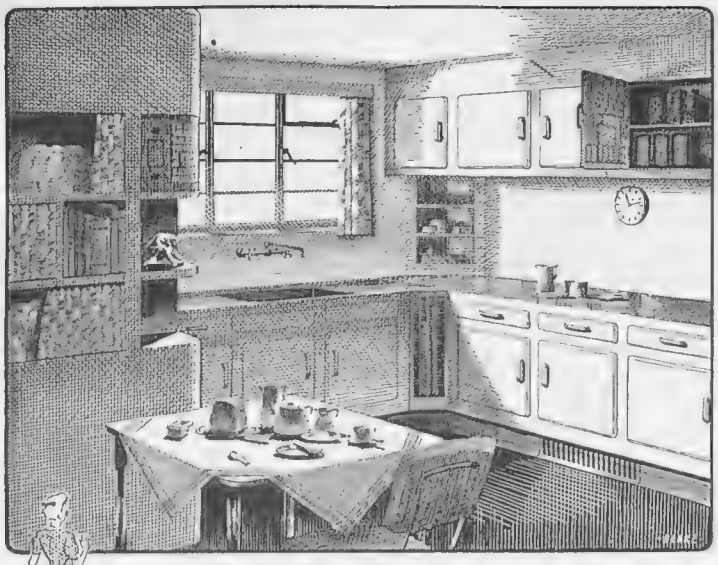
END

Invasion Eve (*Continued from page 28*)

after that came Dr. Meakin demanding that his hands be "set upon the plough." The first rumble of him off the pitch sent Mr. Lampert out of ear-shot to the door. He hardly knew himself these days in the bluette overalls and beret of an air raid warden. He decided the moment was propitious for an inspection of the village blackout. In the dusk of the porch he collided with a milk pail and behind it with Mr. Crabbett in conversation with an American officer. Mr. Crabbett did not like Americans; he regarded them as people who were continually writing newspaper articles criticizing the English. It was true that Mr. Crabbett criticized the Americans, he criticized them with considerable emphasis and point, but always logically, he claimed, avoiding "dam tomfoolery."

Mr. Lampert was surprised, therefore, to overhear an argument about a damaged fence terminating in comparative goodwill, Mr. Crabbett nonplussed, even silenced, by ready compromise. For the officer, it seemed, was really a farmer who understood a farmer's point of view and only temporarily a soldier. His heart, Mr. Lampert gathered, was still way back in North Dakota. (*Continued on page 62*)

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



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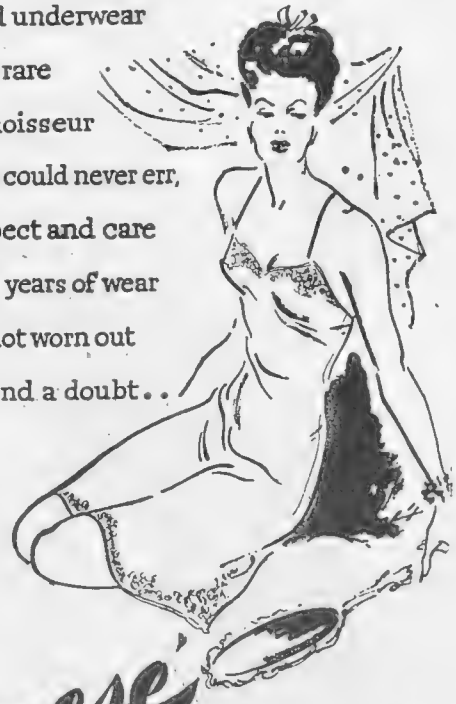

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Mr. Dodds was both brief and solemn as he bade the company farewell. With the good wishes and the prayers of the village, he hoped simply that "you will never forget us as we shall never forget you."

So, having revelled, Dinglesea slept, faintly disturbed by a noise of movement in its streets and woke next morning to find every soldier vanished. Like the Canadians and the Yorkshiremen and so many others, the troops had disappeared silently into the blue.

A sense of anti-climax hung heavily on everything. In his empty bar Tom Bridges polished and repolished empty glasses, Mr. Lampert cemented nail holes in his garage walls, Crabbett inspected gates and fences and the vicar wrote to his airman son. A deadly quiet pervaded Dinglesea and lasted till the following dawn, when overhead came a roar of aircraft the like of which had not been heard before and a mighty rumbling from the sea.

Tom Bridges tumbled out of bed into his trousers and ran downstairs.

"What's the matter?" shouted Mary. "Is it rocket guns?"

Invasion Eve

"Come and see."

They ran across the dunes on to the cliff. Dr. Meakin was there in a muffler and Mr. Lampert in his warden's suit. Presently came the vicar and old Crabbett and breathless men and women by the score.

The coast of France was alight. Streams of tracers soared into the sky, star shells flickered. There was a rattle and a pounding, a trembling of earth and air.

It was exactly like the pictures. That thought rose instantly in a dozen minds and as instantly died. For it was not like the pictures at all. Tom Bridges knew well enough his boy was there in a destroyer and the vicar believed his own son might even now be flying overhead. No, it was not at all like the pictures. It was life or death for the boys they knew, for Sergeant Ball of Minnesota, for 'Erbert of London, for big silent Texas, for the Lampert boys, for Captain Merrill. They were *there*, inching their way over slippery rock and shifting sand through a hail of fire and steel.

END

The Assassin

(*Continued from page* 19)

my lights because it is forbidden for a standing car to show headlights." Get rid of these two children, he thought, and then—take him with me. It will do no harm at all to be accompanied by an S.P. man—so long as he is satisfied.

"That is very good," the policeman said approvingly. "And now, if you will pull over, here are the hospital gates."

But the great gates were closed; the lodge shuttered, forsaken like the streets. Only a little wicket hung open, moving slightly in the night breeze.

"Well," the fat policeman said. "Now what are you going to do?" There was an odd note of satisfaction in his tone.

"Wait," the young man said. "Please. Thirty seconds only. I will find someone. There is bound to be—— Be brave, my darling." The sound of his feet, running, pattered away up the curving drive.

A heavy silence enveloped the car. Once the girl in the back seat grunted, suppressing her pain. So long as he is satisfied, the doctor pursued his thought; and then, suddenly: you fool—you fool—of course he is not satisfied. Where are your wits? An idiot would suspect that story. Certainly this fat pig does not believe it. He is sitting there now, smiling inside himself, waiting, waiting to see what you are going to do next. He is so clever, so very clever—how clever is he, then? One thing is almost certain; he did not see the bags exchanged. Suppose I permit him to be clever; suppose I allow him to take *me*, take me with *him*—to headquarters for questioning? What then? Ah, what then? Once I am inside, with the bag, all is well, for what I have there is power—power enough to blow a dozen headquarters right through the next world and into the next but one.

A colossal sensation of triumph surged through him. The plan *was* perfect—it could not fail. "A cigarette, sergeant?" he said.

"Thanks—no," the man said. "Not on duty."

He laughed. "Duty?" he said. "I'd hardly call this——"

"No, you wouldn't, would you?" the man said. His chuckle shook the car. "And yet in a way it is. In a way."

The doctor lit his own cigarette. "Our young friend must hurry," he said. "If the pains are nearly continuous he has not much time." He turned in his seat. "How do you feel, my girl?" he said. She nodded dumbly, shrunk in her corner.

"He will find no one," the policeman said.

The doctor stared at him.

"The staff were moved yesterday," he said, at ease. "They were required elsewhere. It's strange you didn't know, an important doctor like you."

The doctor was silent. It made no difference, except to the young husband and his wife, and possibly to the unborn child. It did not affect the plan.

The rapid patter of feet, running; as though the young man had been racing, in the night, round a circular track, and now returned to the starting point. He appeared suddenly from the darkness, and stopped. "The hospital is closed," he said, panting. "Evacuated. I don't understand——" he broke off to cough. "But I have found a caretaker—who will let us in—to the basement."

The doctor sat rigid, motionless.

"Doctor," the young man said. "Please. You have done so much. You will not——"

"Of course he won't," the policeman said. "Come now, doctor——" He nudged him jovially with an elbow. "You can't leave it now, man. Besides, I want to see this excellent caretaker, so obliging, so humane. Come now."

The doctor got out. His mind was numb with futile rage. How could it happen to a man, on the most important mission of his life, a mission dedicated to his own death, that he should become involved in this—this comic circus? He could not speak, but helped the girl out of the car.

Through a door at the foot of some basement steps they entered the hospital. The caretaker met them, wringing his hands. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know, I'm sure. This way, my little dear. You are the doctor, sir? I can't let you into the wards—it would be more than my job's worth. Even my bed—I don't know——" He meandered on endlessly, a pathetic, kindly old man, terrified by his own generosity, shooting little scared glances at the policeman, whom he did not dare address. They laid the girl on his tumbled bed; the place was as cold as a tomb, and as cheerless, lit by the flickering embers of a wretched fire that seemed to consume its own heat. The policeman sat down near it; apparently he considered that for the moment he was off duty: he lit a cigar, and watched.

The girl moaned softly, and then, without warning, screamed piercingly.

The doctor's rage dissolved, as if he awoke from a dream. He put his hand on her shoulder. "There," he said, "there. The pains are natural. You must not let them frighten you. Lie on your side and draw up your knees—so. Then when the pain comes, hold it. It is your child, fighting. Fight with it. Fight for it. See," he said to the husband, "take her feet in your hands. When she presses against them, press back. That will help, too." He turned to the old man. "Is there hot water?" he asked.

The caretaker shook his head. "No," he said. "It is all I can do to make a fire with what bits of wood I can find in the gardens, and that is as damp——"

"All right, all right," the doctor said. "We will do without."

(*Continued on page* 64)

No bottles now, Madam

says OLD HETHERS

"But you don't have to go without, do as I do—make it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. You'll find full directions on the tin. If you can't get hold of a lemon or an orange, flavour with the juice of stewed or tinned fruits, or maybe you've some ideas of your own."

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Fantasia

SWIFT runs the brook, and hangs a head of flowing curls about one oval stone. A leaf, borne on the evening wind, glides down to kiss this image in the stream. Beyond the bend, prim, spindly reeds whisper the secret among themselves.

Fantasy, yes. Every fairy story is a fantasy. That is the beauty of it — a beauty that attracts not only the child but the mother who reads it to her children. A woman's passion for beauty is no mere accident of vanity. It is part of her being. She is constantly seeking loveliness. It is her ambition to express it through her personality.

Seeking and serving loveliness, it is only fitting that she would be lovely too. Connoisseur of life's richest gifts, she brings this same good taste to bear on her choice of clothes, cosmetics and all those things which have a part in her personal beauty. Perhaps this explains why she chooses COTY AIR SPUN.

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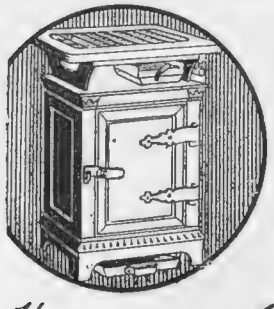
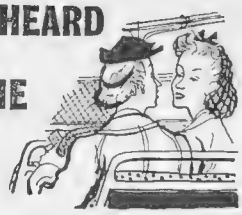


Many improvements have been made to Main Cookers since this veteran was designed. But the fact that it continues to give satisfaction after 50 years service is further proof that the Main has always been "the best of its time". The post-war models will carry on that proud tradition.

You can depend on a MAIN GAS COOKER

OVERHEARD IN THE BUS



". . . . No, I simply borrow, quite shamelessly! You see I'm fortunate enough to have a neighbour with an ★Acme and I really don't know how we could have managed without it."

"Ah, I was lucky enough to get my Acme just before the war, and just in time for our evacuees. It's done a grand bit of war work, I can tell you . . ."

"They're so easy to handle, and don't your things come out crisp and clean!"

"That's why an Acme's definitely part of *my* post war planning—and I'm sure I'm not the only one! . . . . . ."

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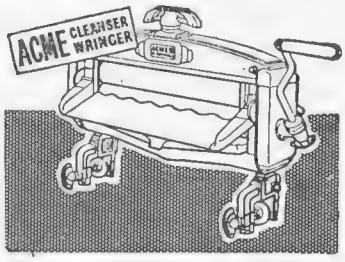

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"But what about these?" the policeman said unexpectedly. "Your instruments, doctor. You—forgot them, but I brought them up for you." He pushed the black bag forward with his foot, along the floor.

The doctor steadied himself. He looked at the policeman with a cold hatred. "You are very kind," he said. "It was thoughtful—but I shall not need them."

"But surely," the policeman began.

"I said no." The words came out in a shout, uncontrollably. "Look to your own business, and leave me to mine." He swallowed. "I am sorry. They would be useless—here." He turned back to the girl on the bed, still seeing, in his mind, the bag lying on the floor. Then it vanished, with the thought of what it stood for; he was caught away from death into the engrossing business of life, warm and emergent under his hand. At last the baby was born; he stood holding the cord, feeling the pulsations grow fainter, waiting to tie it off, to cut the child from the mother, to present the world with a new soul. At the same moment his own soul was reborn; for the first time since they died, Anna and his son stood beside him in the spirit, living. They could never leave him again.

The child uttered a cry. He held it in his arms, and said proudly: "It is a boy." The young man stared raptly at his wife's face, white and drained. The old man crossed himself, tears running from his eyes. The policeman threw the end of his cigar into the ashes in the grate.

The doctor walked down the drive with the policeman, carrying the black bag, breathing the cold air into his lungs. The fat man was talking; he listened idly.

"So you are a doctor after all," he said. "That's queer; I should have sworn—— Well, then, I can be wrong. But tell me, doctor, what *is* your game? Your pass is faked, is it not?"

"I have urgent business with General von Krug," he said, almost gaily.

"Yes, yes," the fat man said. "No doubt. What business?"

"It is very confidential," the doctor said. "Take me to headquarters if you do not believe me."

The man chuckled, wheezing. "Gently, gently," he said. "First to the police barracks—then we'll see."

The doctor stopped, and faced him. "Police barracks?" he said. "Why the police barracks?"

"For examination," the policeman said, airily. "The merest formality, of course."

"And what when I report the delay?"

"Delay?" The fat man took him by the arm like a brother. "Now come, doctor. Where is the delay? In a police examination of a suspicious character, or in your own antics with a pair of fifth columnists? Would you say I have no cause for suspicion?" he cried. "You turn into an alley, and switch off your headlights because of air raid regulations—only you switch them off *before* you turn into the alley—and *then* you switch off your side lights. Did you think I didn't spot that? You are not a doctor—you are a doctor. You know a short cut to the Grand Square, but you don't know where the hospital is. You don't know of the evacuation. And finally, you, with your so urgent message for the governor—you are ready to throw away two hours on a couple of gutter rats and their litter. Oh, come," he said, "give me credit for a little sense. And now march. March."

So this was his perfect plan. He would never reach von Krug. He had failed. But suddenly he knew that what he had done was more important than what he had set out to do. He had come bringing death, and he had produced life. Death would surely claim von Krug and all his kind, in its own time: but this life, this new life he had just delivered, who knew what that would do in the world: who could tell, even, that he had not delivered a new Messiah?

"Sergeant," he said. "You have me. But what of them—the rats—up there?"

"They'll keep till morning," the policeman said. "Plenty of time to pick them up then."

The doctor changed the bag into his other hand; it was heavy to walk with. "Did I mention," he said, "that the Germans killed my wife and son? Shot them down with others—to preserve order, they said."

"No," the policeman said. They reached the gates; he stood back to allow the doctor to pass through the wicket. "But I'm not surprised. There's usually something of the sort behind a chap like you. What was it? Rioting?"

"Maybe," the doctor said. "Women and children do go in for rioting, don't they?"

"Just a moment," the policeman said. "There's one thing I want to know. What have you in that bag? Not instruments, I'll take my oath."

The doctor turned to him and laughed. Laughter changed his whole face, so that he looked quite young. "Really, sergeant," he said. "You are too clever. You miss nothing."

"All right, all right," the sergeant said. "Open it."

Still laughing, he did so.

END

The First Englishman

(*Continued from page 29*)

to call his men to action, delay was unavoidable. To remedy this, Alfred organized his army into shifts by retaining a certain proportion, and allowing the others to continue their everyday occupations until their turn came to stand by.

Alfred's greatest achievement, however, was not on land, but on the sea. During a lull in the fighting he thought of a plan whereby the invasions might be checked without damage to his beloved land. He built the British Navy.

The year 875 saw his new navy in action when it attacked seven Danish ships, sinking one and driving the others away. In 876 was fought the battle of Swanage over which rival rumourmongers give different versions. Asser says that the Danish fleet of 120 ships was attacked and defeated, while the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle reports that they were sunk during a storm.

It was in 878 that the king was forced to abandon his land to the barbarians and find refuge in Athelney, where "ever he waged war with his Thanes and vassals of Somerset, tireless war against the heathen." The Mump, a large artificial mound overlooking Athelney, is believed to be the site of his fortress, where he once more gathered together his army and finally defeated the Danes at the battle of Ethandune. After the Treaty of Wedmore in 890, peace settled on the land for a time and King Alfred was free to utilize his far-reaching powers of organization on the affairs of his realm.

The cathedral at Winchester is believed to have been restored at this time and a monastic church, known as the New Minster, he built close by. He also founded an abbey at Athelney in thanksgiving for his many victories. Nothing remains of either of these two buildings. A heavily guarded obelisk at Athelney marks the site of the abbey there—not, as some think, the site of the swineherd's hut where the never-to-be-forgotten cakes were burnt—but the New Minster has not even that distinction. It became an eyesore to the Normans when they rebuilt the cathedral, and the monks were removed to Hyde Abbey, to the north of the town. The body of King Alfred, their dearest treasure, was taken with them to their new abbey, but, either during its demolition in 1539, or in 1788 when the site was used for the county jail, it was lost. Some think his bones lie in one of the mortuary chests in Winchester Cathedral—a fitting place for this great king whose life had centred round the city of Winchester.

END

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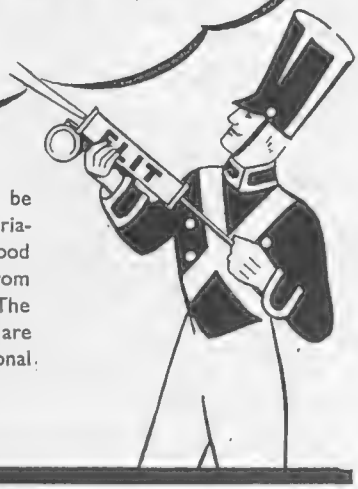

Our armies overseas need to be protected from flies and malaria-carrying mosquitoes. National food supplies have to be protected from contamination by insect pests. The raw materials for making Flit are required for these essential national needs.

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Mother, you can do something for your child for which he will thank you throughout his life. By taking proper care now you can ensure his having sound teeth when he grows up. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'*, which corrects acid-mouth—so often the cause of dental decay.

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They came from the North lands,
They came from the South lands,
They came from the mountains,
They came from the fens,
They drilled hard with rifle,
They drilled with their bayonets,
They practised with mortars,
They practised with Stens.

Now they're fighting our battles,
And in spirit we're with them.
They're fighting our battles,
And proving their worth.
They won't *all* get medals
They won't *all* get mention,
But they're *all* British soldiers,
The salt of the earth.

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Let us Salute the Soldier by going without just a little more, by giving up just a little more, and by saving even more, not only during "Salute" Weeks, but all the time.

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All looped
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SOLUBLE
and
mexo
(Cotton Wool) 4 sizes
CARUS OF DARWEN
Sanitary Towels

Dark Ribbons (*Continued from page* 36)

Rep. these 6 rows.

When there are 10 ins. worked, work as follows : With right side facing, cast off 4 sts. Work 56. Leave other 58 sts. and turn. Cast off 2 sts. Work to end.

Continue on these 54 sts. in patt. and cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge on every 5th and 6th rows of patt. until there are 4 groups cast off at armhole. Now continue the casting off at centre edge only, until there are no sts. left.

THE BACK

Cast on and work as front for 10 ins. Now cast off 4 sts. at beg. of every 3rd row (alternate sides) until there are 4 groups cast off each side. Work straight until armholes are 4 ins. round curve (about 6 rows). Cast off.

THE BACK YOKES

Left half. Cast on 56 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work all k. for 4 ins. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of every other row until there are 4 groups cast off. Cast off remaining 24 sts.

Right half. Work as left but put a buttonhole at centre edge after 1½ ins. have been worked, by knitting 5th and 6th sts. tog., w.fd. Rep. buttonhole every in. until there are 4.

THE FRONT YOKE

Cast on 2 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work all k., and cast on 2 sts. at beg. of every row until there are 104 sts. When there are 104 sts. work straight until armholes are 6½ ins. round curve if joined to patt. part of armhole. Now work 42 sts. Cast off 20. Work 42. Continue on these 42 sts. and k. 2 tog. at centre edge on every row until there are 32 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve if joined to patt. part of armhole. Cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge on every other row. Work other side the same.

Pick up 160 sts. round point of front yoke, and work all k. for 2 rows. Now work holes for ribbon as follows : k. 4, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 8 ; rep. from * ending k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 4. Work 8 more rows. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 110 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work all k. for 1 in. Now work holes as in front yoke. Work ½ in. Change to No. 6 needles and the patt. and work 2½ ins. Now cast off 4 sts. at beg. of every 5th row (alternate edges) until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

THE WAISTBAND

Cast on 30 sts. Work all k. on No. 11 needles for 25 ins. Cast off and sew into ring.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams, and shoulder seams of yoke. Gather on to waistband. Sew yokes down on to bodice. Sew on buttons and thread ribbons. Crochet finely round neck to neaten edge.

Baby Jacket (*Continued from page* 36)

always k. and k. 2 tog. at other edge on every 12th row until there are 34 sts. Work straight until there are 10 ins. up centre (see that side seam has same number of squares as back). Now k. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row for 12 rows. Work 1 in. straight. Change to k. 2, p. 2 rib for the 16 sts. at shoulder and patt. on others as before for a few rows to equal right front. Now k. 2 tog. at border edge on every row until there are 15 sts. Work straight to equal right armhole. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of every other row at armhole edge 3 times. Cast on 6 sts. Work all k. for 9 ins. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 41 sts. Work the patt. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until side seam is 5 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 10 sts. Cast off.

THE CUFFS (2 alike)

Cast on 16 sts. Work all k. for 4 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on neckband, leaving space for top buttonhole. Sew on cuffs. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttons.

Keeping The Home Front Fit (*Continued from page* 42)

"occupational therapy." Every one knows that there is something extraordinarily soothing and satisfying in making things, in using one's hands skilfully or as a learner, on a constructive job that does not require fierce concentration or undue energy. Visitors to the rest houses are therefore encouraged to make toys, model ships, dolls' houses or useful odds and ends; to go ahead with leatherwork or knitting or painting. Since those who gather together here represent all "walks of life" and many different professions or industries, there is usually someone to be found who will give instruction in his or her particular speciality.

A stay in a rest house can be as short as forty-eight hours but is usually the leave period of a week or a fortnight; it can be extended, under special circumstances, if leave is so granted. These houses are not convalescent homes but neither are they intended as holiday refuges for the robust; a medical certificate for rest must be obtained from a doctor and the head of the Service concerned. This applies to Civil Defence workers on sick leave, those who have been advised by their doctors to ward off a breakdown or illness by taking what is, in effect, a rest cure, and personnel on annual leave who need a rest and a complete change because of their general health, age and conditions of service. The offices of the Civil Defence Workers' Health Department——which is part of the war organization of the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John of Jerusalem—are at 6 Cadogan Square, London, S.W.1.

END

Test Of A Pilot (*Continued from page* 32)

indeed, except the manner in which he could best be helpful.

He was turning this puzzle over in his mind when Jim slid from his chair and stood up.

"Think I'll be getting along. Good night, dad."

"Jimmy, are you as mad as ever about getting into uniform?"

Jim turned back.

"Madder," he answered.

"I thought so."

J.J. drained his drink at a gulp, then looked his son in the eyes.

"That being the case," he said, "we shall have to make the necessary arrangements.

"You see," explained J.J., "I have a certain little confession to make. You have often wondered, loudly and rudely, why the powers that be have rejected your repeated and passionate entreaties for transfer to the R.A.F. The responsibility, my dear James, lies at my door. Each one of your appeals for release has naturally been referred to myself for comment, because I am, after all, the C.T.P. of this outfit. And I have invariably replied that release must be withheld on the ground that I could not possibly find any one to take your place—which, of course, is just a slight exaggeration."

Jim nodded understandingly.

"And so," J.J. continued, "if I withdraw my objections, and you repeat your application in writing, you will probably find yourself on operations almost before the ink is dry on the paper."

"Thanks," said Jim.

"Only too happy to be of service," he murmured. "Off now?"

He raised his glass (*Continued on page* 68)

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by

Swan

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You have seen the difference between babies whose sleep is deep and unbroken and babies who are restless, cross, cry at night. In the former a steady, healthy growth: in the latter, weight at a standstill — perhaps even a few precious ounces lost.

Guard against this, Mother! At the first sign of fretfulness or broken sleep, you can suspect stomach upset. Food is soured. The small bowels are constipated. No wonder baby cannot sleep.

The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. 'Milk of Magnesia' gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. Doctors and Nurses recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a safe antacid and gentle laxative for babies.

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Tightly-laced, helplessly lovely, the ladies of the 1840's had to be carried ashore from a trip on the 'Skylark.' But to-day's little Wrens walk cat-like along the quarter-boom and swarm unaided down a swaying rope ladder. Yet some things never change. The 1840 charmer, who knew that a carelessly displayed ankle or the flash of a frill could make a man's heart beat faster, also knew that she needed Atkinsons exquisite Eau de Cologne to complete her charm; and Atkinsons is still the choice of the pretty Wren when she changes her slacks for the soft swish of an off-duty skirt. But nowadays the last few drops of Atkinsons must be treasured, for manufacture of this enchanting essence has ceased until after the war. We're just as sorry as you are.

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. . . a warning

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To be certain of preserving your shoes through these difficult times, use only a well-known and trustworthy brand of polish. When you are lucky enough to get hold of Meltonian Shoe Cream always screw the lid on tightly after use, then you will be able to use it to the very last spot.

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cheerfully as his son left the bar, and spent the rest of the evening chatting with a succession of friends and acquaintances.

EIGHT hours later, J.J. sat in the cockpit of a Thunderer, and watched the dawn creep up the eastern sky. Twelve thousand feet beneath his wings the North Sea glimmered fitfully, but England still lay shrouded in mists and darkness, two hundred miles astern.

He spoke aloud, obeying a habit of self-communion developed during thousands of lonely hours in the air.

"Now what the heck has happened to that damned young fool?"

Broodingly, and for the hundredth time, he set about an inner review of the events of the last few hours.

"Now let's get the situation sorted out under A, B, and C, in approved and orthodox style: (A) At one minute past nine, young Dearden clears off from the Shire Hotel to embark on a special mission, the secret of which he has most improperly confided to Jim—blast him! (B) At two minutes past nine, Miss Cleo Loring, dazzled no doubt by the dashing Dearden, takes a nasty crack at Jim, hinting that he's a mere yob of a playboy, shirking around while the lads in blue do their stuff. (C) At five minutes past nine, the stricken James, cut to the quick, indulges in a modest couple with Inebriate Parent, and thereby betrays the fact that he has fallen, or is about to fall, for the glamorous Cleo. Inebriate Parent, reduced to a condition of maudlin sentimentality, thereupon agrees that Idiot James shall abandon his perfectly sensible and honourable occupation so as to join the R.A.F. and compete on terms of equal sex appeal with rival Dearden."

J.J. interrupted his monologue to adjust the rudder trimming tab, and cast a swift all-seeing eye over the instrument panel. For a moment, then, he stared through narrowed eyes at a mote that was a submarine, lying awash in a distant patch of watery sunshine, but a finger of cloud rubbed the image away, and his thoughts returned to the problem which filled all his universe.

"Young Dearden should be home by four o'clock in the morning. He fails to return, whereupon Jim—having doubtless spent the night brooding over Cleo's unkind cut—leaves an explanatory note for Inebriate Parent and clears off in a Seaspray to rescue Dearden. In a *Seaspray*, mark you! And he might just as sensibly have embarked on a journey alone to the Arctic, with the idea of bringing home a polar bear in a butterfly net!

"For let us consider what it is that Dearden's been trying to do. He proposes to land by moonlight on an island off the Dutch coast in order to pick up one of our agents. Simple enough, of course, as long as he isn't spotted. Unfortunately, it seems that the poor lad *was* spotted, otherwise he would have been back by four ack emma. Such being the case what earthly chance does Jim stand—coming late on the scene and in broad daylight? None!

"None," he ended. "None whatever, unless a Thunderer can give a Seaspray more than an hour's start in a race to Holland, and get there first."

Again and again as he mused and talked his eyes returned to the cloud-screened point where he had seen the submarine. There was no conscious reasoning behind this deep preoccupation. If the submarine were British she desired no attention from a passing Thunderer; and even if she were German there was little that he himself could do about it, because he carried neither bombs nor depth charges.

"But, of course," he added, "one might investigate matters and send out a call if the blighter's a Jerry."

But he also knew that the loss of one minute might well cost his son, Jim, his life.

Two alternative issues stood clearly before his mind. If he could overtake Jim before they reached the Dutch coast he might persuade him, by wireless or signal, to turn back

without attempting that suicide landing—a landing which in any case must be quite fruitless, since it was clear that Dearden had long ago either been killed or captured. But—so argued J.J.—if he did *not* catch Jim in time, the lad's life was inevitably lost because if he were taken prisoner he would be shot as a spy by reason of his civilian status. Unless, in fact, the Thunderer beat the Seaspray—unless she held her course without one second's deviation or one minute's loss of time—Jim Ingram stood no chance at all.

It was then that the clouds split, like the tearing of a paper screen, and he saw the submarine again. It was then, too, that he entered upon his moment of supreme temptation and test, for he also saw the German torpedo carrier which was gliding silently down upon her through the clouds.

He knew at once that the submarine was British, and that she had neither seen nor heard her attacker. He knew, too, that he himself must attack, and that delay meant the end of all hope for his son.

For a moment his grip froze stiff upon the joystick while the acid of the test bit deep into his soul, then the Thunderer's wings cut the sky like a scythe as he swept from his course into action.

THE two young men haunted the hospital until the doctors declared that J.J.'s unconquerable constitution would carry him through the effects of his burns and the crash into icy sea water.

"Hello," mumbled J.J. "What the devil were you two young scamps doing in that submarine?"

It was Patrick who answered, because Jim was finding himself troubled by an unfamiliar aching in the throat.

"I'd got stranded with a cracked undercart," said Pat, "so the Secret Service bloke and I were skulking about among the sand dunes waiting for a chance to contact the sub. which a thoughtful Admiralty had sent to stand by in case of little mishaps like that. I don't think we could possibly have got away, though, because the Jerries were out and beating the dunes when Jim breezed along in his Seaspray." He turned to beam at his friend. "Stout effort, James."

Jim's response was brief and not polite.

"So we scrambled aboard," continued Pat, "and made a hurried exit with swarms of hostile natives shooting at us. They didn't shoot too badly, either, for our tanks were peppered and we only had enough juice to drop in the drink alongside the sub. After that, events moved pretty rapidly. No sooner had they hauled us out of the wet than the German torp. carrier appeared, hotly pursued by yourself."

"Dear me," croaked J.J. "Quite an eventful morning."

Pat nodded.

"Decidedly," he agreed. "Particularly eventful when the German blew up in mid-air and nearly blasted you out of the sky in the process."

"So *that's* what happened," observed J.J. "My recollections of the incident are a trifle confused. I remember seeing the tracer hitting the Hun, then there was a big orange flash and that's all."

J.J. closed his eyes because he suddenly felt very tired, and a watchful sister shooed the visitors away. Quite still, then, he lay for a time thinking of the moment when he, the chief test pilot, was himself put to the test—the test of believing that turning aside would cost him all that he valued in life.

But Cleo found him wide awake when she called next day to show him a certain ring.

"Like it?" she invited, turning her finger so that the light could glance from the stones.

J.J. blinked at the gems, and a great uncertainty came into his heart.

"Who——?" he began, then ended with a chuckle as she bent over the bed to answer the question with a kiss.

END

1.7.44

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